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[THE ESCAPE.]

SHIFTING SANDS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

"Elgiva; or, the Gipsy's Curse," "The Snapt Link," "The Lost Coronet," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XX.

None remember thee now thou art gone,
Or they could not choose but weep
When they think of thee, my gentle one,
In thy long and lonely sleep.
But none remember thee
Save me.

"TAKE care you do not betray my aid."

Cora St. Croix repeated the words with a scornful haughtiness that more effectually than words spoke the utter impossibility of such badness in her nature. And it might be that the irrepressible pride that flashed from her fair face and rang out in the very tone in which she echoed the words was more congenial to the old housekeeper's ideas than the most humble apologies and assurances.

"Yes, you have a touch of the right mettle in you," she said, with a half-smile. "The lady in your portrait could scarcely have looked or spoken more proudly than you even when she was to be the Countess of Marston herself."

Cora eagerly caught at the words.

"Then was she, that beautiful girl there, Lady Marston, Lady Marian's mother?" she asked, quickly. "Nay, I never said that," replied Mrs. Aston; "the earl to whom she might have been wife was a very different one to the present lord. But what's that to you?" she went on, checking herself. "It is but wasting time in idle curiosity. Just tell me what scheme you have in your head for saving that young scapegrace, who has done more mischief than he or his broad lands could ever do good, and, in order to free my young lady from trouble or disgrace, I'll just see if I can forward it in a quiet way, and no one be the wiser."

Cora was silent for a moment or two, her eyes abstractedly fixed on the portrait.

"Have you any old clothes in the house?" she

asked; "I mean such as might have been worn by that lady, or about her day?"

Mrs. Aston shook her head, but suddenly an idea appeared to strike her.

"Perhaps I have," she said, thoughtfully; "that is if they are not all moth-eaten and moulded. Come with me and I will see what can be found. I would not like to go into those old, long-forgotten places unless some one was with me, and a stranger too, or the old tales and memories would soon be roused up that are better forgotten. But what do you want with them?" she added, with an access of suspicion.

"I want them as an adjunct to my plans for escape," returned Cora. "Is there not a report that this wing is given up to the memories, as you call them, of the past? Would any one be surprised if they were haunted by the spirits who once lived in them?"

Mrs. Aston nodded sagaciously.

"I see something of your scheme," she said, "and it's not so bad; only I can't see how my young lord can be helped by any such dressing up. He's not a bit like a Biddulph, though at a glance in the dark you're not so very different as to hinder your passing for Miss——"

"Miss who?" asked Cora, eagerly.

"For the lady who sat for that picture," replied the housekeeper, jealously. "What's her name to you? There, come along; and if you fail in your wild vagaries about what you can do it will settle matters any how, and if he gets taken so much the better in my opinion. Any way my young lady must give him up then, and a good thing too, before the duke comes, who will be the best husband for her."

Cora quietly followed the woman from the room and passed through two or three old apartments, all smelling of the close, mouldy oppression that belongs to a long exclusion of air.

She unfastened the window of one of them, and the flood of light and sweet air which poured in as the sash was thrown open had an almost magical effect. It revealed a handsomely furnished dressing-room, whose rich hangings and carved oak wardrobe, dress-

ing-tables and mirrors were by no means foreign to the revived taste for such massive style in the present day.

Mrs. Aston gave a deep sigh as she turned to the large wardrobe, which might well have contained the dresses even in the voluminous fashion that adorn the belles of more modern times.

She turned the key that still stood in its lock, and threw open the doors, while Cora drew near with a curiosity for which she could scarcely account even to herself.

The ample recess was filled with a costume that was perhaps yet more antique and fanciful than the twenty years or so which had rolled on since the date of its manufacture could justify. It was more like one of the dresses of the Court of the Restoration in its long, flowing train, its gorgeous embroidery and short sleeves with deep lace ruffles, that gave them grace and yet displayed the fine proportions of a moulded arm. The petticoat was of amber satin, flowered with black, and the bodice and train of the same colour reversed, while the whole was completed by daintily buckled shoes with high heels, sufficient to add some inch or two to the wearer's height.

Mrs. Aston seemed lost in deep and perhaps subdued thought as she gazed at them without attempting to disturb their still unruffled folds.

"Ah," she said, "that was a sad night when that dress was worn; it began the months and years of misery that followed. Young woman, dare you risk the curse that may belong to it and those who venture to disturb its hiding-place?" she added, turning to Cora with a look of sternness that the strong features could perhaps better express than more kindly feelings.

The girl bore it with quiet indifference. "I fear nothing because I have nothing to fear," she replied. "May I have these useless things?" she added, touching the gorgeous satin as she spoke. "The dead will never claim them, that is certain."

"And the living had better make away with such uncanny relics," returned Mrs. Aston. "There, if you can make them serve your purpose to deliver us

from this disgrace and danger it's my judgment that a better thing cannot be done with them, and you'd best sell them after to the highest bidder," she added, "for your trouble. That's my advice."

"They will never be used by any one else, if I can help it," said Cora, calmly, "but is this all? have you no other costumes that could be used as a disguise—for him?"

Mrs. Aston glanced round as if to ensure not being overheard.

"Child, you are not canny yourself. What can put such fancies in your head?" she said. "What do you know of these costumes, or the night when they were worn—ay, when my lord's heart was broken? You ask what else was worn. It's a mockery, that it is, to cast up such things that had better be buried for ever—like those that caused the sin and the sorrow."

"And who were they?" asked Cora. "Those who wore these strange dresses, and were connected with this house, is it not so?"

"Perhaps," said Mrs. Aston, opening another division of the wardrobe. "And I, myself, placed them there, out of the sight of any human being, whom they might torture by their very aspect."

"Will you not tell me at least the leading facts of the tale?" asked Cora, anxiously. "I ask no name, no details, only something to guide me in my conduct where these strange relics are concerned. You may trust me," she added, with an almost lofty air of command. "No confidence thus made will ever pass my lips."

There was no doubting that unflinching look and firm tone.

Mrs. Aston was for the time apparently awed by its calm power.

"Well, there can be no great harm in that perhaps," she said, "so long as there are no names mentioned, and you don't go and speak of what I tell you. The story is simple enough that I've got to repeat."

"There was a fancy ball going on at the Court," and the young lady you saw in the picture was to wear this dress, so her lover, or rather the one who was rival to her lover, vowed he would get some character that would help him to be near her all the evening. So he chose a page's dress, and shaved off his whiskers and moustache to look younger and help him in the character. Very handsome they both looked, and no mistake, and I believe they enjoyed themselves heart and soul all that fatal night. But the end of it was bloodshed and misery and discord for one and all concerned. They were divided, for life and death too, and these dresses are the remains of the last hour they passed together."

Cora was strangely interested.

"And you would have me and Lord Belfort wear these ill-omened garments?" she said. "Well, be it so; it will but hallow the unhappy proofs of the sin you speak of. If they caused death let them save life. Am I not right, Mrs. Aston?" she said, quietly removing the rustling satin from its resting-place and gazing at it with an air of what was well nigh reverence, so strange a spell had been cast over it by the housekeeper's tale.

"Yes, if it is so," she replied. "And, for myself, I care not, so that all is away from the house and from my dear young lady, so that she may forget him and all that belongs to him."

"It is not likely that she will ever need to see him more," returned Cora, scornfully, "unless she is true enough to cling to him in disgrace and crime. Then I may use these at my pleasure," she added, casting the garments over her arms, almost too bulky for her slender strength. "Listen, Mrs. Aston; I will not make you the sharer of my plans because you had better be able to say that you had no knowledge of the flight. But if you can manage to spread abroad some notion of the strange appearances in the rooms and to get some passage free for me from the house, I think it will be all the help I need. You say that men are stationed round the house and in the passage to this wing, is it not so?"

Mrs. Aston nodded assent.

"Very well; I shall be aware of what I have to guard against, only give me some idea of the best mode of getting from the mansion, and then leave me to manage the rest."

Mrs. Aston, who was fast yielding to the influence of the girl's superior firmness; and intellect, complied, though rather confusedly with the request, and Cora managed to gather a tolerable idea of the direction from her vague account of the spot to which she was to bend her steps.

"Now," she said, when the description had ended, "I shall go to Lady Marian once more, to learn for the last time her wishes on this subject, and then leave for ever this miserable neighbourhood that has been but the scene of woe and misery to me."

Mrs. Aston gave a kind of sullen assent that was anything but flattering to the fugitive's prospects, and drew back to let her pass from the room, of which

she herself turned the key, though she dared not take it from the lock, lest the whole darling wish of her heart to get the girl and the unhappy noble out of the vicinity should be frustrated.

And Cora with a half-scornful smile at the needless precaution hastily took her way to the apartments of the Lady Marian.

CHAPTER XXI.

I know 'tis hard to bear the sneer and taunt,
With the heart's honest pride at midnight's
wrestle;
To feel the killing canker-worm of want.
While rich rogues in their stolen luxury
nestle,
For I have felt it."

"MARIAN, what does all this disgraceful business mean?" said the Earl of Marston, angrily, entering his daughter's boudoir, just as her simple dinner toilet had been completed—a ceremony that she had gone through rather in mechanical compliance with custom than any regard to the personal appearance she might make at her father's table.

"What have I to do with it, my lord?" she replied, calmly—"that is, if you refer to the unfortunate tragedy which has plunged so many in sorrow."

"I refer to the dishonour brought on my house by the presence of men who ought never to set foot in Biddulph Court, save—as once happened to an ancestor of ours—as an adjunct to a royal visit. And now we are actually under surveillance—actually placed in the power of these horrid officials to watch our incomes and outgoings, and to wander at pleasure over my mansion. Marian, are you cognizant of the proceedings of the accused? is it possible that you—my daughter—can retain any interest in a felon, against whom the fiat of justice has gone forth? Speak, for I am determined not to suffer this degradation one day longer than is needful, and I have yet sufficient consideration for your name, and also for the credit of the Biddulphs, not to risk any scandal that can be avoided."

Marian's pride was roused now. It was a different spirit to Cora St. Croix that dwelt in the bosom of the heiress. Cora's was a haughty, self-reliant, defiant nature, that had been embittered from its original nature by desolation and adversity; while Marian's generous impulses were fitful and wayward, and quickly turned to the very acid of resentful resistance by any disappointment or supposed injustice.

"I have nothing to say, my lord," she repeated. "I know nothing of Lord Belfort's present abode. These men seem to assert they saw him enter your domains, and that he has not since left it. But, if they have been allowed to search the mansion, I cannot see on what pretext they remain here. If I were master of Biddulph Court they would be at once ordered from the utmost foot of land over which Lord Marston has control."

"And risk being brought up to justice as harbouring a murderer, against whom a verdict has been given," he returned, angrily. "It is well that the family name is not to be committed to your keeping, Marian, or you would soon cover it with shame and contumely. However I shall take care that you are placed under a proper guardianship before the name and estates of my ancestors descend to your weak hands."

"And," he continued, unheeding the ominous flash in his daughter's eyes, "as I am luckily in authority here it is for you to listen, not to question my orders. Now listen, Marian, and remember that though you are my only child I shall not be induced to overlook any disobedience on your part, nor will I depart from my own firm determination, whatever the result may be. I do not wish even to become aware of the disgraceful acts which I so strongly suspect. I had rather be able to deny—as a gentleman and peer should—any knowledge of the suspected presence of the criminal in my house. But this forbearance will only be for twenty-four hours, and tomorrow I shall myself institute an open and public search, so that should Ernest Belfort be in one of the hiding-places that are known to yourself and me and one other, he shall be dragged ignominiously from his retreat. I will not have Biddulph Court the prey of runaway criminals and Bow Street detectives when the duke arrives. This is enough, Marian. You understand me, and for once no tears, no prayers, nor passion on your part will move me from my resolve. Now for the rest of the evening we will drop the subject. Dinner will not be served for half an hour, and when we meet at that meal I hope it will be as the heiress of my name should behave at the head of my table."

He left the room as he spoke, as if afraid to add another word to this parting shot, and his footsteps died away ere Lady Marian fully comprehended her own angry terror, the full meaning of his threat.

"If he had never come," she exclaimed, "if he had never come I could have borne it better. But he will despise—hate me perhaps—because I have

been powerless to help him. I—a Biddulph—a peeress, and he my equal; and I—I love him—and I shall be miserable if we are parted, if he feels that Marian Biddulph had not the power to save him, even in her ancestral home. I could endure anything but that," she went on, passionately, "I had rather heard of his death than lose my claim to his love and gratitude. Yet I dare not, I cannot avert the danger."

She wrung her hands in self pity, and then buried her eyes in the cushion of the sofa as if to press back any risk of betraying tears.

"Lady Marian" sounded softly near her, and a light touch was laid on her hand.

She looked up. It was the nameless ward of the dead Sibbald who had noiselessly entered.

"Forgive my intrusion," said the girl, with the proud humility which she unconsciously assumed in her manner to those above her, "but I came into the adjoining room to speak to you, when Lord Marston was here. I knew that all he said was already known or ought to be known to me, and I did not scruple to remain."

"And listen," said Marian, impatiently; she was sorrowful enough to be bitter and unjust.

"And listen," repeated Cora, firmly. "There is no time for explanations and niceties, Lady Marian. Lord Belfort's life hangs on the next five hours. If there is power in wit and will, he shall be saved. And you can help me if you choose, if you will risk a mere hair's breath of blame and risk."

There was a slight access of bitterness in the tone that spoke of scorn, albeit concealed to the very utmost of the girl's power.

And Marian flushed involuntarily as she replied, with at least an answering pride:

"In my own house I am at least mistress. What do you want of me? and what do you propose? I will decide better when you explain yourself, young woman."

She was wrong, and she felt it.

Still Cora looked so lovely, ay, and so high bred too, in her proud, unflinching beauty, that it was almost more than woman's nature could bear to forward the plans which would so completely expose Ernest to such charges.

And her punishment was swift and sure in the haughty coldness of Cora's reply.

"If you do not yourself undertake Lord Belfort's escape, Lady Marian, you will have his blood on your head, unless you forward and cordially wish the success of those who have either more courage or more despair. What I need is the pass-key which I am told you possess, and refreshments that I can carry to him without reference to your servants. He is well nigh exhausted, as you may imagine, and may break down in the last extremity simply from lack of strength."

"And are you going with him?" asked Lady Marian, bitterly.

"I shall see him in safety—that is, in comparative freedom from danger," said Cora, calmly.

"Without regard to maidenly modesty or character?" asked the earl's daughter.

"Yes," was the firm reply. "I can trust myself, and, I believe, him."

"Then you love him and believe he loves you," said Marian, with a hard, constrained tone.

"Neither," returned Cora, scornfully. "There are other motives even than love, which is sometimes selfish, sometimes weak. And I would undertake Lord Belfort's escape from far different ideas."

"Explain them," cried Marian, impetuously. "I will trust if I can once comprehend what makes you risk so much for a stranger who could be nothing to you, but, as it is, I—"

"Cannot place his safety before your own wishes and hopes," said Cora, half contemptuously. "Well, perhaps I should not wonder, it is but what I have known before. But be at rest, Lady Marian. What stirs my very soul to place Lord Belfort in safety is my debt to Mr. Carew. I knew his fine nature. I am sure that, could he speak now, he would be the first to deplore any punishment for what was great risk and I believe provoked by his own impetuosity, and, though my very heart broke for his fate, it would be aggravated by his opponent's death and his daughter's misery. And you have been kind to me. Why should I not risk my unvalued life for so many who would be made unhappy by his death?"

Marian was relieved by the sad bearing of the obscurely born one.

There was a sarcasm, however unintentional, in every word, albeit she did not intentionally frame it for the display of her own more unselfish feelings and purposes.

"I am bound to believe you," she said. "Albeit, by your own showing, you have little to lose and all to gain in this fearful game. Yet it is only natural for your own sake that you should wish to gain such

a station and protector," she added, more gently. "Would you refuse them if they were offered to you?"

"Will you deny your aid if I tell you that I would refuse any such offer?" said Cora, proudly. "Listen, Lady Marian. Were I bound to answer at this moment to such an unlikely proposal I would say without one minute's delay 'No; a thousand times no.' Lord Belfort is nothing to me that could win my love, though he may have my pity to the very utmost. If I did not love I would not give my hand were it to a coronet. You are differently nurtured, you are used to consider such a marriage natural, and you would consent to what seems your fate. To me poverty is better than wealthy misery—you could not bear it."

"Then you think me inferior," said Lady Marian, sharply.

"I think you obey your training. It is no fault of the enemy that she is not like the hawk," returned Cora, calmly. "But all this is idle. Are you satisfied? Can you believe me, Lady Marian?"

"I suppose so. There is no alternative," said Marian, constrainedly. "And on your own head be it if you deceive yourself or me. You will assuredly suffer, whatever may be your belief now, were you to be so mad as to believe in Lord Belfort's love. When do you intend to carry out your plan?" she asked, after a brief pause.

"To-night, when all are asleep," replied Cora, eagerly scanning the relenting features.

"Then come to me at midnight, I will have all ready," was the reply. "At least, you are averting one miserable danger, whatever may happen afterwards. Biddulph Court will not be the scene of his arrest, and we shall have more influence to help him when unsuspected of his retreat."

And with a hasty gesture of dismissal Lady Marian seized her gloves and handkerchief and hurried downstairs to obey the clang of the dinner gong which sounded at that moment.

CHAPTER XXII

There is a Power whose care
Teaches thy way along that
pathless coast,
The desert and illimitable air,
Lone wandering but not lost,
Through the dark night it veils.

It had been a miserable day for Ernest Belfort in his gloomy, painful cage. All the sins that he might have committed were perhaps atoned so far as bodily suffering went by the weary hours of sickening doubt and painful durance which he endured. The hope of Cora's return, her bright image—her firm, inspiring courage, and her earnest assurances did indeed support him for a time.

He could not doubt her.

No, one sound of her ringing tones and her firm words in his memory was enough to reassure any lingering fears.

But when hour after hour passed and his cramped limbs and failing strength added physical pain to the distress of his mind the agony became nearly insupportable.

He could well have cast himself from that window, mad and hopeless as such an attempt would have been.

But his promise to Cora restrained him. He felt that it would be but an act of a coward, and treacherous to the brave girl who risked her all for his sake.

Time, minute after minute, hour after hour rolled on, and still no sound, no sight of that cheering face and form came to him.

The darkness was closing in.

The suspense and alarm were becoming well nigh insupportable, and Ernest Belfort's fever of anxiety was reaching the very point of delirious despair, when his sharpened senses caught a faint sound of approaching steps, a rustle of a dress, and then a voice which to him was sweeter than heavenly music.

"Lord Belfort, hush! are you there?"

"Yes, yes—quick, open! all is safe and silent," he returned, in as low a tone.

She slid back the panel with the quick skill that she had learned even in the brief experience of its management.

And the next moment he was blessed with the vision of her he already loved far dearer than he believed, and by the freer admission of light and air and space.

"Are you exhausted?" she said, quietly. "Here are wine and food. Quick! eat what will help you to go on for some hours to come. We may not be able to rest for a long, long space."

"We?"

That little pronoun was more stimulating to his energies than the refreshment she brought. If she were to be his companion that would suffice. At least he would have an angel for his guide, whatever the pilgrimage.

He obeyed her gentle behest.

The flask of wine was quaffed with greater relish than any nectar that could have been presented to his lips, and the delicate sandwiches were devoured hastily and with such relish as hunger and renewed hope could give.

"Now then," she said, quickly. "Now, are you ready? Will you do as I direct, at whatever risk of your own fancy and comfort?"

"I will obey you as I would an angel," he replied, fervently.

She gave a faint smile.

"Perhaps you scarcely comprehend to what you are binding yourself," she said, half gaily. "Suppose I direct you to what you most dislike, to a disguise that will go counter to your pride, what then?"

"I will obey you," he said. "I owe it to you as my saviour from danger and death. Only tell me what is your pleasure, and it shall be at once obeyed."

"Then see," she said, drawing forth a half-concealed bundle. "You must array yourself in these garments, and I will return as soon as I am ready and think you have finished your toilet."

And she hastily withdrew from the recess and partially drew the panel back to its place, and withdrew from the room.

It was but a few minutes ere she returned. But what a transformation had the brief interval effected.

The modest attire had been exchanged for a gorgeous dress, that recalled past days to the beholder.

The splendid train, the turned-back hair, the closely fitting bodice displayed to the utmost advantage her exquisite form, and the short sleeves and deep lace showed the white, moulded arms in their full perfection.

Never had she looked more lovely and certainly never so high bred as at that moment when the very style of dress and the material were so completely fitted for the noble and the stately of the land.

And she in her turn could not forbear a smile, and yet a secret admiration of the figure she saw within that half-open recess.

Lord Belfort was transformed from a high-born nobleman to a page, such as is depicted in old pictures as in attendance on ladies of rank and beauty.

Yet he looked strangely picturesque in the old costume.

His face was youthful with its absence of all maturing hair, his figure indeed so slight in the close costume of a young page, and the alteration in the very expression of the face was so complete that it rather gave Cora a sensation of confidence and equanimity that she had scarcely known before.

"Are you ready? Will you come?" she said, in a tone of more frankness than usual. "Mind, you are to play your part well, remember. If any one sees us, assume rather the gliding unearthliness of a spirit visitor than any alarm or indignation as in your own character. It is our only hope, to preserve our confidence and play our parts well."

He bowed his head in rather uneasy assent, and Cora prepared for their exit.

She drew the panel together, locked the door behind them, and placed the key in her pocket, ere she once more led the way at a slow, measured pace, without any apparent haste or flutter.

Lord Belfort followed her at a few paces' distance, and though his bearing was perhaps not so composed as hers yet the difference might well have passed as belonging to the tripping sauciness of a self-sufficient page had a critic been there to pass judgment on his identity.

The first room and passage were traversed in safety, and unchallenged.

But Cora knew that one of the sentinels was placed at the top of the staircase which led from the wing, and that it would therefore be a pass of danger. She paused a moment, gave her companion an encouraging smile that at once foretold and undervalued danger, and then went on, with a slower and more careless step than before.

There was cause for the apprehension she felt.

A man was stationed at the very head of the staircase, albeit his position bespoke a nodding slumber, which might permit the fugitives to pass unheeded.

But Cora did not dare to trust to that slender chance. Instead of attempting to pass by him, with the dangerous and irritating step that might rather awaken suspicion, she calmly and firmly swept by the sleeper, while contriving rather to make a safer passage for her companion, covered by her voluminous train.

The ruse was successful for the nonce. The man just opened his eyes in time to see the singular realization of the picture in the old gallery, gliding along with a spirit-like grace, swiftly and silently by the stairs. A cry, happily too subdued to arouse his companions, escaped him. But the next moment he seemed to awaken to the absurdity of such an

alarm. "Suppose the old ladies should walk at night, it's nothing to me," he thought. "I've done nothing to offend them unless it's coming into their part of the house, so I'll even make myself comfortable, and not get chaffed to a cinder for my pains."

And he tried to carry out his purpose, but in vain. The doze thus interrupted would not return to his eyes, and at last he mustered courage to perform what he believed his duty. He went to the apartments that were under his especial guard, and tried the door of the one which had attracted the greatest suspicion of the officers. It was locked, and he turned hastily to the door on the other side, which yielded at once to his touch, and he entered the apartment where the portrait which Cora had so successfully imitated stood in life-like proportions before him.

"Mercy on us!" he exclaimed, a shudder actually convulsing his strong frame. "Why, it's her, herself, the very dress, and face. She's walking, that's certain, and I won't risk offending her, that I won't for all the inspectors in the kingdom."

And with a bow of comical terror and deference to the mysterious portrait the man hastened back to his post and watched in mute and motionless anxiety till the morning.

Meanwhile the companions passed on and down the staircase, and through the narrow passages of the wing, till the principal danger alone remained to be encountered, that of the men posted at the door that opened out into the park from that side of the house.

There was a low murmur of voices as they came near that made the risk far more formidable than when encountering one alone.

And for the first time Cora drew back and her courage appeared to sink at the unexpected risk.

"Hush," she whispered to Lord Belfort. "Do you be prepared to rush past, if necessary, while I keep them in play, but not unless it be necessary. Wait till the very last for such a risk."

She drew one long breath and walked boldly past the door of a kind of vestibule, where she could see two men seated over some promising-looking tankards.

But her face and dress had attracted the attention of the person facing the door, a gray-haired man, whom Cora recognized as the porter of the house, even in that dim light and with that imperfect acquaintance with his features.

But in truth every detail connected with that miserable day was stamped on her very mind, and she could have reproduced each face, each object, even months and years from its date, with the vividness which the stormy agitation she had suffered alone could give.

She turned, perhaps purposely, on him, as she passed the door, and the old man sprang from his chair with well nigh the activity of half his years, and a face literally whitened to ashes, while his eyes seemed literally starting from his head.

"Why, man, what's the matter with you?" asked his companion in the pleasant libations which had been thus disturbed.

"Matter!" exclaimed the old man. "Matter! Only as sure as my name's Jacob Tomkins I saw the ghost of Miss Constance flit by me as real as ever she went through that door twenty years ago. It's a fearful sight, though she was a born beauty, as we may say."

"Which way, man? which way?" shouted the wide-awake official. And he rushed towards the door before Mr. Tomkins had recovered his fright, or collected his senses sufficiently for a rational reply.

(To be continued.)

THE LONDON BIRDCATCHERS.—Now that the close season has terminated, and the provisions of the Small Birds' Preservation Act are inoperative, owing to the time specified for protecting small birds having expired, the London birdcatchers are again free from restriction, and have resumed business in various parts of Surrey, Kent, and other counties. Birds are now being caught by the thousand, and sold to the London bird-fanciers, who retail them.

OMNIBUS IMPROVEMENTS.—A new omnibus is shortly to be introduced into London supplied with an ingenious mechanical contrivance for registering every person who enters and leaves the vehicle. It is also to be provided with an awning for the comfort of outside passengers. At last the omnibus proprietors have decided to provide their vehicles with patent brakes. It has been a source of wonder to every scientific man for a long while why this simple contrivance should not have been adopted to save the terrible strain upon the collars of the horses.

NEW-FOUND ISLANDS.—Australian papers state that Captain Moresby, of Her Majesty's ship "Basilisk," who has been cruising about Torres Straits, has discovered several new islands, heretofore supposed to be a part of New Guinea, and has, as usual

In such cases, hoisted the national flag of the discovering vessel. Captain Moresby also, while cruising, discovered several fine harbours, two of which were named by him Ports Moresby and Fairfax. Captain Moresby had attached to him Lieutenant Connor, of the "Pearl," who has completed a survey of the coasts of Cape York, as also along portions of the coast opposite New Guinea, which in a short time will be sent to the Hydrographic department of the Admiralty for issue. When at New Guinea some of the seamen of the "Basilisk" picked up pieces of gold, and it has been proposed at Brisbane to send out an expedition to explore the auriferous territory.

THE MOON AND THE TIDES.—For several years I have been of the opinion that tides are not in the least degree formed by attraction of the moon. Among the reasons for holding this opinion the following may be enumerated: First, it is substantiated that at the Society Islands and many other parts of the Pacific Ocean tides rise to their greatest height at twelve o'clock throughout the year. And as it is evident that those tides are formed without the moon's influence it is but reasonable to conclude that other tides may be thus formed. Second, one of the daily flood tides, in the vicinity of New York, New London, etc., is at its greatest height when the moon is on the opposite side of the earth; which circumstance shows that the said tides are not in the very nature of things caused by the moon. And it is probable that if one of the daily flood tides can be formed without the moon's influence the other can be. An immense amount of time has been spent at the schools in learning a theory which I believe is founded in error.—S. S. G.

A REJECTED IMPERIAL SUIT.—This is not the first time that a marriage has been arranged between the reigning houses of Russia and England. During the reign of Queen Elizabeth, Ivan Vasilvitch, Emperor of Russia, having heard of the beauty of Lady Mary Hastings, daughter of the Earl of Huntingdon, who was of the blood royal, made known to the queen his desire to marry the maiden. Elizabeth expressed her approval, and a Russian ambassador was sent over, and he was presented to Lady Mary at York House, near Charing Cross. On his knees he performed homage, and told her that she would soon be Empress of Russia. By that title Lady Mary was then called at court, until it came to the ears of herself and Elizabeth that the Czars claimed the right to put away their wives at pleasure. Thereupon the engagement was at once broken off.

AN INTERESTING LETTER.—The Queen, on her visit to Glenfannan, where Prince Charles Edward first unfurled his standard in 1745, was shown a letter which has never before been published, in the handwriting of Prince Charlie. It is as follows:—"Kinloch, August 9, 1745.—Being come to this country with a few resolutions to assist the King my father's right, I think it proper to inform you of it, having always heard such an account of your loyalty and principles that I think I have just reason to depend on them. I intend to set up the King's standard at Glenfannan, on Monday 9th instant. Since the time is so short I cannot expect your presence there, but I hope you will not fail to join me as soon as possible. You need not doubt to my being always ready to acknowledge so important a service and give you proofs of my sincere friendship.—CHARLES, P. R."

SUDDEN CHANGE IN THE COLOUR OF HAIR.—Two sudden changes of the colour of hair from black to white are reported in a foreign medical magazine. It appears that a physician of Berlin, a strong, healthy, and less than middle-aged man, sent his wife and one daughter to spend last summer at a watering-place. The day that he expected a letter informing him of their arrival there came one saying that his daughter had been taken ill very suddenly, and was already dead. The shock was terrible, and instantly his hair became entirely gray. He had to visit some patients that same afternoon, and they scarcely recognized him. Their peculiar actions revealed the change to him. The other case was that of a man 35 years old, living in the Netherlands. He was one day passing the canal in Rotterdam, when he saw a child struggling in the water. He plunged in and brought it to land, but it was already dead by the time he had rescued its body. Bending over to try to restore life, he discovered that the dead child was his own son. The blow, so sudden and unexpected and coming upon him when he himself was so much exhausted, turned his hair entirely gray, and left him scarcely recognizable.

COAL IN INDIA.—Efforts are being made by the Indian Government to develop the great mineral resources of the country, especially the coal-fields of Raniganj, distant about 120 miles from Calcutta. At present the coal production of India is very small—not exceeding 500,000 tons per annum, of which the Raniganj country supplies nearly all. The poor quality of Indian coal explains much of the indiffer-

ence hitherto shown in raising it. Containing from 10 to 30 per cent. of ash, with a proportion of fixed carbon averaging only 53 per cent., it is only capable of doing from one-third to two-thirds of the work performed by a similar quantity of English coal. It is, therefore, ill suited for sea-going steamers, but may be made available for railways, river steamers, and other local work, and in the manufacture of iron, a branch of industry likely to be stimulated by the growing demand for the construction of railways. Coal exists in Assam, but for want of labour and transit has hitherto proved practically useless. In the Central Provinces the coal seams of Chandah are, by the agency of a specially constructed coal railway, brought into connection with the Nagpore branch of the Great India Peninsular railway, and may therefore be expected at no distant period to supply the coal market of Bombay, where English coal has risen to the enormous price of 40 rupees, or 4*l.* sterling per ton.

LEARN TO KEEP HOUSE.

BEAUTIFUL maidens—ay, Nature's fair queens!
Some in your twenties, some in your teens,
Seeking accomplishments worthy your aim,
Striving for learning, thirsting for fame,
Taking such pains with the style of your hair,
Keeping your lily complexions so fair,
Miss not this item in all your gay lives:
Learn to keep house—you may one day be wives.

Learn to keep house.

Now your Adonis loves sweet moonlight walks,
Hand-clasps, and kisses, and nice little talks;
Then, as plain John with his burden of care,
He must subsist on more nourishing fare;
He will come home at the set of the sun
Heart-sick and weary, his working day done;
Thence let his slippers feet ne'er wish to roam:
Learn to keep house, that you thus may keep home.

Learn to keep house.

First in his eyes will be children and wife,
Joy of his joy, and the life of his life.
Next his bright dwelling, his table, his meals.
Shrink not at what my pen trembling reveals.
Maidens romantic, the truth must be told—
Knowledge is better than silver and gold;
Then "be prepared," in the spring-time of health,
Learn to keep house, though surrounded by wealth.

Learn to keep house.

M. A. K.

THE PROPERTY OF THE LATE DUKE OF BRUNSWICK.—Here is a statement of the Duke of Brunswick's real property. The total is 933,000*l.* It is thus made up: Russians, 5 per cent. (1822), 50,000*l.*; Russians, 5 per cent., 50,000*l.*; Russians, 3 per cent., 50,000*l.*; Turcos, 6 per cent., 100,000*l.*; Peruvian, 4½ per cent. (old), 80,000*l.*; Peruvian, 4½ per cent. (new), 52,000*l.*; Canada, 6 per cent., 50,000*l.*; Brazilian, 4½ per cent., 50,000*l.*; Egyptian, 7 per cent., 50,000*l.*; America, 8 per cent., 100,000*l.*; Mississippi, 6 per cent., 25,000*l.*; diamonds, 200,000*l.*; uniforms in a depot at Havre, 16,000*l.*; property in Paris, 60,000*l.*

AN EAST INDIAN MOTH.—An insect, certainly very rarely—perhaps never—seen in Scotland alive, has made its appearance in Dr. Paterson's conservatory at Fernfield, Bridge of Allan. This gentleman had lately received some valuable orchids from the East Indies, and along with them were sent some of the cocoons, or white oval-shaped shells, in which the Indian silk worms pass the transition state between worm and moth. A splendid moth issued from one of these the other day, extending about four inches between the extremities of the wings and about an inch and a half in length. It is covered with a feathery substance of yellowish tints, from buff colour to orange, exquisitely shaded into each other, with a pink border on the lower and another of mixed gray and black on the upper part of the wings. Its most remarkable feature consists of four transparent circles of a filmy substance like isinglass, two on each wing, each about the size of a fourpenny-piece.

ACTION AGAINST THE POSTMASTER-GENERAL.—An action was brought against the Postmaster-General, at the Accrington Police Court, to recover 15*s.* each for loss of time and money caused by the non delivery of a telegram. It was admitted on the part of the defence that the telegram had been destroyed by the boy entrusted with its delivery; but the solicitor who appeared for the Postmaster-General took objection to the action because a month's notice had not been given, and because three months had been allowed to elapse before the action was brought. This method of meeting, or rather evading, the cause is not worthy of the head of a public department, and we are glad to observe that the judge, while acknowledging that the objections brought against the suit are fatal, has reserved his judgment in order to give

the Postmaster-General an opportunity of withdrawing the objections raised, and allowing the case to be decided upon its merits.

TWO QUEENS FIGHTING.—At the East Kent Natural History Society's late monthly scientific meeting, Major Mann gave very conclusive evidence in favour of the fact that the queen bee does not and cannot sting. The major referred to the comparative structure of the sting in the queen and worker bee, as affording an explanation of the inability of the queen to sting. It having been stated that the queen bee is unable to sting, the question naturally arises, "But how does she kill her rival, since it is a well-known fact that two queens will fight like game cocks?" This question the major proceeded to set at rest practically by putting two queens together in a glass bottle, in order that their fighting might be witnessed by the Society. During the fight, which was watched with the most intense interest, each queen was seen to attempt to disable her rival as much as possible by means of her powerful mandibles. At the same time she feels about with her sting, which is totally unable to penetrate the integument of her rival, till she finds one of the spiracles, that is, one of the respiratory apertures of her rival, through which she injects her poison, with a rapidly fatal effect, into the respiratory system.

THE ADVENT OF OLD AGE.

THERE is a certain period in life when the human body, as well as mind, reaches its maximum point of development, and from that point to the grave is the season of decay. This idea is far more forcibly expressed by Shakespeare, who makes Jacques, in "As You Like It," say:

And so from hour to hour we ripe and ripe,
And then from hour to hour we rot and rot,
And thereby hangs a tale.

At what age are we to look for this change? The Psalmist says the days of men are three score and ten, and some of our readers, perhaps, will remember a pretty little poem of Willis, written on his thirty-fifth birthday, beginning: "I'm half way home." But poets are not very reliable authority in matters of science. A distinguished French physiologist writing upon the subject says: "I propose the following natural divisions and natural durations for the whole life of man: The first ten years of life are infancy, the second ten boyhood, the third ten first youth, the fourth ten second youth, from forty to fifty-five first manhood, from fifty-five to seventy second manhood; and this period of manhood is the age of strength, the manly period of human life. From seventy to eighty-five first old age, from eighty-five to one hundred second old age."

These deductions are made from a careful study of the question, with all the aids derivable from a thorough knowledge of the sciences of anatomy and physiology. It is not claimed but what these divisions will vary in different individuals, and overlap each other in the same one; but that they are as correct as such a general truth can be stated we verily believe. These limits are not so arbitrary as they may seem at first sight. At ten years of age the second tooth is completed and infancy ought to end; at twenty the bones no longer increase in length and boyhood naturally ends; at forty the body ceases to increase in size, and youth ends, and so on. After forty whatever increase there may be of the body is in fat; and, instead of increasing its strength and activity, this latter growth weakens the body and retards its motions. When the growth ceases absolutely the body rests, rallies, and becomes invigorated. This period of internal invigoration is the period of the first manhood, and lasts fifteen years, and maintains itself fifteen years longer, when the period of old age begins; and this period begins when we have no longer any reserve of strength to draw upon, and when the natural strength is barely sufficient for the daily work, and when anything unusual fatigues, and extraordinary efforts impair the general health. When this condition of things arrives old age has fairly begun, and this period is at seventy years of age.

Buflon, the distinguished naturalist, says "that the man who does not die by accident or disease lives to ninety or a hundred years." That he is eminent authority no one will dispute. It is very true, however, that comparatively few men live to be ninety or a hundred years old, but that affords no argument against the truth of our proposition. Most men die of disease—only a very few of old age. The death record of any place will show, however, quite a respectable number of people who live to between eighty and one hundred years.

A NEW line of railway is proposed from Rome to Naples, by Gaeta; the Minister of Public Works offers no opposition, but the Government will not accord any subvention.



[A PRISONER.]

WHO IS HE?

By the Author of "Lord Dane's Error," etc., etc.

CHAPTER IX.

Thus do all traitors:
I, their purgation did consist in words,
They are as innocent as grace itself.

Shakespeare.

ONE of the footmen came quickly in answer to Lady Isabel's summons. None of the servants were far away who could make the least excuse to be near. Lady Isabel spoke to him calmly:

"Send Rufus and Doan here to me."

Crawley and Sir Robert exchanged glances. Rufus was head-gardener, Doan was one of his assistants, whom they had not seen.

Rufus himself was one from whom the utmost they had been able to extract had been the acknowledgment that Crawley did look like his master for certain.

Both men certainly hoped that Rufus and Doan might still be absent, as they had been an hour since. But they hoped in vain.

The two men—stout, burly fellows—came back with the footman.

Lady Isabel looked from them to the impostor.

"Now will you go?" she asked, sternly.

Crawley rose.

He advanced slowly toward the door, giving my lady a strange look as he passed her. Then to the men he spoke in a low but to them sufficiently audible voice:

"Take me by the arms, my lads, and pretend to drag me away. My wife doesn't know me. She has sent for you to kick me out of Kirston as if I were the greatest rascal going."

The men stared.

Lady Isabel had heard nothing.

"Attend this man to the door," she said to Rufus.

"No, conduct him to the park gates. Should he refuse to go willingly you have my authority to compel him in any manner most convenient and emphatic. He calls himself Maurice Champion, the impostor!"

"It shall be done, my lady," answered Rufus, so promptly that Sir Robert started forward as if to interfere.

But a glance from Crawley checked him.

"All right, boys," whispered the handsome villain to Rufus and Doan. "Don't be too rough. Take me by the arms—so, good. Ten pounds apiece to you for being so clever."

The three made their exit through the library door, down the hall beyond and the long stairs.

Lady Isabel stood looking after them, a vague discomposure and uneasiness visible in her face. Sir Robert had sat down again.

"Isabel," he said, "you are pursuing a very rash course. You will have to acquiesce in the end, and receive your husband. He is fully resolved on maintaining his rights, and will put the matter in the courts before he will yield. What madness are you bent upon? No one questions his identity but you."

Lady Isabel was leaving the room.

She turned back at these words, her little son still clinging to her hand and looking the way Rufus and Doan had disappeared with their captive, with large, startled eyes.

"Can you really mean it?" she asked, in indignant and passionate wonder. "Are you indeed so cruel, so hard, so wicked, as to wish me to accept that low and cowardly villain in my lost Maurice's place? You know who he really is. I believe you have brought him here knowing who he is. I do indeed. But I cannot understand what you hoped to gain. Suppose that I had been cheated by his resemblance to my Maurice—suppose that I could have been betrayed into receiving him as my husband—what would that have benefited you? It would not have put my property into your wife's possession. She can only obtain it after the death of my son and myself."

"Yes, only after the death of your son and yourself," repeated Sir Robert, his eyes glittering in spite of him.

Lady Isabel had one glimpse of that glittering glance before it was veiled by the deceitful eyelids. She gasped involuntarily and caught her child closer. She always thought of him before herself.

A deadly stillness fell on the room. It lasted some moments. It was Sir Robert who broke it, speaking in a cold, hard voice, which he in vain endeavored to render light and unconstrained.

"You say very foolish things, Isabel. Is it likely that I should be so glad to have your husband back with you if I had any covetous designs upon your property, as you have always intimated?"

Lady Isabel made no answer. She had retreated to the door. She stood looking at her aunt's husband with a kind of wild terror in her large eyes.

He avoided her glance. With another heavy and appalled sigh she quitted the room and went hastily toward her own apartments. She stopped again before she got there, struck by a new doubt, a suspicion rather, that came home to her suddenly with all the force of conviction.

"That man is not gone. Sir Robert Calthorpe would not have stayed so quietly behind if he had believed he was going. And I remember now that

Rufus and Doan looked queerly at me when I told them to go with him."

There was a tall window at the end of the corridor, and one of the lower casements was open.

It commanded the main entrance to the park. Lady Isabel went and looked through it. No one was in sight.

She went back and put her little boy into her own sitting-room in charge of her maid.

"Let me go with you, mamma," the boy pleaded, adding, with characteristic confidence in his own prowess: "That bad man will get you if I don't go too."

Lady Isabel smiled faintly, but her lips quivered as she kissed him.

"He shan't have either of us, Hugh, if mamma lives," she said, and then, shuddering at her own words, "Stay with Lucy, darling; mamma will only be gone a moment."

She yielded to an impulse for which she could not account, and went herself to see if her orders had been obeyed.

She found Rufus and Doan in the grounds nearest the back part of the mansion.

They pretended to be very busy as she came, but looked undeniably frightened, and Rufus hid something which looked wonderfully like a five-pound note in his pocket.

"Did you do as I bade you, Rufus?" Lady Isabel asked.

Rufus stammered and grew red.

"Answer me!" commanded the mistress, imperiously, her terrible misgiving increasing.

The man looked away from her stealthily toward an angle of the building, where was a balcony half concealed by the jutting wall. His expression was so singular that Lady Isabel involuntarily looked that way also.

The deathly whiteness crept over her face again. Her enemy was there.

He had not even left the house. His handsome, wicked face shone like a satyr's, his eyes watched her with the evil, sinister gaze of a basilisk.

"Heaven help me," thought Lady Isabel; "he is stealing my very servants from me."

She turned to Rufus and Doan, sad yet stern.

"It is the first time my father's daughter was ever mocked by a servant, by one too who served him so long and faithfully. I am very sorry, but you must quit my service with the usual month's wages but without the usual warning this moment. You are neither of you in my employ longer."

Rufus and Doan both dropped their eyes to the ground.

Whether they believed the villain up there to be their master or not they were ashamed in the presence of their beautiful mistress and certainly at that moment remorseful for disobeying her.

Lady Isabel returned to the house, calm outwardly, but a tempest within.

Was she to be openly defied and outraged in this manner? The mystery, the indefinable terror of what was coming deepened.

Scarcely twenty-four hours had elapsed since she first looked upon the beautiful, treacherous face of this man, and how he had changed her life already. How he seemed to lay an evil spell on her and all her surroundings.

First her housekeeper, then her butler; Esther Mount this morning, and now Rufus and Doan. Had she a faithful servant left?

As she traversed the long halls she met several, and she could but notice that respectful as their bearing was they eyed her strangely. One—it was Digby, the man Crawley had asked after his wife in the morning—stopped as if he would like to speak to his mistress.

Lady Isabel paused.

"How is Nanny?" she asked.

"Poorly, my lady, poorly, thank you. Somehow she's heard the master's come back from the dead, and if you will forgive my boldness, my lady, she's just fretting herself to see him. I told her he asked after her, as he did as kind and gracious as could be, but that ain't enough for her."

Lady Isabel's eyes flashed angrily.

"Are you another, Digby? You? He your master? Did he ask after Nanny? The demon! The clever, cunning demon!"

Digby started. He had been with his wife the most of the morning, she not being so well, and another servant had kindly taken his duties. He had not yet heard the whispers concerning Lady Isabel's refusal to recognize Crawley as her lost Maurice.

"My lady," he stammered, "I—I—I don't understand."

My lady stamped slightly with her foot.

"I am going to Nanny. Go you and find that man you imagine to be your master and ask him to come and see your wife. Tell him how she is fretting to see him. Oh, he will come fast enough. The more recognition he can get the better. But—mark me, Digby—say nothing of me. Don't tell him I am there. Will you remember?"

"Yes, my lady."

"He is on the south balcony."

Digby moved away.

CHAPTER X.

A sceptre, snatched with an untruly hand,
Must be as boisterously maintained as gained.

Shakespeare.

Digby found his supposed master coming in from the south balcony. Sir Robert was with him, and the two seemed in confidential conversation.

Digby paused doubtfully. Sir Robert saw the expression of his face, and spoke in an undertone to Crawley.

"This man has come for a favour. Whatever it is you must not refuse him."

The impostor looked up and smiled encouragingly on Digby.

"What is it, my good fellow?" he asked.

Digby preferred his request, as Lady Isabel had bidden him, without mentioning her. False Maurice looked momentarily discomposed.

"I'll be there in the course of the day," he said.

Digby's countenance fell, but he turned to go.

"Nonsense," said Sir Robert; "it will not take you ten minutes, and we'll make the man and his wife both believe in you against the world. His wife has great influence among her own class. The servants all worship her. Go after him."

Crawley hesitated.

"How about that other matter, then? We ought one of us to be on hand."

"I will attend to it. If Esther Mount has done as she promised it is all right enough, however. Be on your guard now, lest Digby's wife may have sharper eyes than the others."

Crawley tossed his head, and smiled confidently. He did not imagine he should find any difficulty in deceiving her.

Meanwhile Lady Isabel had gone to Nanny's room, with a strange light in her dark eyes, a bold resolve in her indignant heart.

Nanny's apartment was not exactly in the servants' portion of the house. It belonged indeed really to the more aristocratic part.

Both Digby and she were favourites at Kirston. Digby's father had been butler before Mr. Formyl, and Nanny's mother had been lady's maid at one time to the Countess Champion, Lady Isabel's mother.

The room was large and bright, with a southern aspect, very prettily furnished, and carefully kept.

"Pretty Nan," as she had once been called, had some kind of incurable spinal disease, from which she suffered at times acutely. At others she would be up and about, though she rarely left her room.

A woman, her nurse, provided by Lady Isabel, was in the room.

Nanny was small and slight, with a pale sweet face, and blue, large, loving eyes.

Her attendant was a tall, sallow-complexioned woman, with black hair and small black eyes.

The two were as unlike as possible, and consequently as good subjects for Lady Isabel's clever experiment as could well be found.

There were two beds in the room, both draped with handsome curtains of blue chintz.

The pretty invalid lay on one with these looped from the front.

The other, which was for the nurse, was untumbled.

Lady Isabel's first movement on entering the chamber was to look the door with her own hands. Then she went and kissed the invalid, who looked up at her like a loving child.

There was small time for explanation.

"Nanny," said Lady Isabel, rapidly loosening the looped curtains while she spoke, "I want to play a little trick on some one who is coming to see you, dear; I want to see if he will know you. You just lie still, and Patsy and I will arrange everything."

Nanny smiled with pleasure, a soft flush coming into her pale cheek.

"It is your husband, my lady; Digby told me he had come back," she said, gleefully.

Lady Isabel averted her face without answer, dropping the curtains and draping them to hide thoroughly what was behind them.

Then she turned to Patsy.

Almost before the amazed woman knew what she was about she had forced a white bedgown on over her dress, and had tied a cap on her head and bundled her just as she was into the unoccupied bed.

Some flour that had been for gruel stood there; my lady daubed it plentifully upon the woman's sallow face, and drew the bed-clothes well up.

Then she moved the medicine stand with its significant array of bottles and spoon and gruel bowl to the side of Patsy's bed and drew down the window blinds a little more.

Patsy submitted with faint remonstrances to all, not daring to make any strong objection when Lady Isabel looked at her in that way.

My lady's face was white and set, her eyes shone like flame.

"There is a gentleman coming here to see you, Patsy," she said, her beautiful lips parting in a grim smile; "he will call you 'Pretty Nan'; all you've got to do is not to contradict him."

Finally Lady Isabel went and unlocked the door. She was just in time.

Digby and the man he believed to be his master had at that moment entered the passage leading to the invalid woman's room.

Digby passed ahead, opened the door and drew back for the other to enter first. Lady Isabel stood so that the open door hid her till the man she had set herself to trick had gone in. Naturally he walked straight to the bed on which Patsy lay, and, not knowing the real Nanny from any other woman, he addressed Patsy as Nanny without an instance's suspicion.

Digby was in the room by this time, staring at the bed in utter bewilderment.

Lady Isabel put her hand on his arm, and as he looked at her she laid her finger on her lip and shook her head with a stern and significant gesture. Then she pointed to Patsy and motioned him to listen.

"I have not forgotten you, you see," Crawley was saying to Patsy. "I asked your husband how 'Pretty Nan' was the first thing; did he tell you?"

Patsy had never been pretty in her best days. She was very ugly now.

Lady Isabel's large bright eyes turned upon Digby. She nodded her head slightly, as if to say:

"You hear him?"

Digby could only stare still. What did it all mean? He made a movement toward the bed whose curtains were down.

Lady Isabel raised her hand imperatively and motioned him back.

Then she swept forward and faced Crawley.

"How dare you pretend to know this woman?" she demanded of him, her black eyes scathing him like lightning. "You never saw her in your life before."

He started slightly at sight of her. Then the beautiful face of the impostor took a soft and sorrowful expression.

"It would be strange, Isabel, if I had forgotten 'Pretty Nan,' whom I played with as a child."

Lady Isabel's lip curled; her eyes flashed with passionate scorn. She bent and lifted Patsy's dark face on her arm.

"Do you mean to tell me that you know this woman?"

He did not detect the significance in the stern, sweet voice.

"I do know her, Isabel, and she remembers me. Do you not, my pretty Nan?"

There was the least quiver of anxiety in his tone, for Patsy's strange, half-scared looks were not reassuring.

Lady Isabel laughed scornfully as she turned to the other bed and swept the curtains back, showing the true Nanny, looking flushed and excited, and so pretty as to deserve her title then if she never had before.

Crawley started violently. He suddenly remembered that Sir Robert had told him that Digby's wife had yellow hair, and the creature he had been calling by her name had locks as black as a crow's wing. He read the trick, and his handsome face whitened with rage.

Lady Isabel laughed again more scornfully still.

"Look at him, Digby," she cried; "look at him, Nan. Is that bad, hateful face the face of your master, of my husband—my sunny-tempered Maurice? What do you say?"

Digby was shaking like a leaf. Nanny looked with wide, affrighted eyes from her mistress to this handsome, evil-visaged stranger, who was so like yet so horribly unlike her lost and loved master.

Crawley leaped over the bed and laid a hand on the invalid woman's slender wrist.

"I am Maurice Champion, and you know it," he said, in a voice hoarse with passion. "Mind what you say."

Don't be afraid of him, Nan; he shan't hurt you," spoke Lady Isabel. "Tell him who you think he is."

"I know you are not my lost master, sir. It is a cruel jest to come here pretending to be him when you are not," Nanny said, in a low, scared voice.

Crawley flung her hand from him with a horrible oath and looked into Lady Isabel's eyes with a malignant stare.

"You shall pay for this," he said, between his teeth. "You shall find I am your master, whether I am hers or not."

Lady Isabel's beautiful face wore an expression of deep disgust.

"You hear him, Digby, I hope. Did my Maurice ever threaten a woman, I wonder?"

The impostor bent toward her, speaking in a hissing whisper:

"You'll find I've done something beside threaten when you get back to your own apartments, my lady."

The two stood an instant looking into each other's eyes in dead silence.

"What does he mean?" Lady Isabel was asking herself, while a cold hand seemed to clutch her heart. "She'll be ready to murder me when she finds out," the impostor was thinking.

Lady Isabel's cheek had grown ashy. She turned suddenly and glided from the room without a word.

Outside she began to run. Catching her foot in her long dress, she stumbled and nearly fell. Then, recovering herself, she sprang forward again, and never stopped till she burst panting and white as a ghost into her own room, where she had left her little boy.

It was empty, but the curtain beyond was lifted and the door stood open.

Lady Isabel darted to it, not hearing a strange click behind her.

"I am frightened without reason," she thought, "He is in there asleep. But Lucy ought not to have left him."

But this room also was empty.

My lady stopped; the cold hand at her heart was turning icy.

"Perhaps he is in the nursery," she said; and then turning about she came upon a chest of drawers, in which some of her child's clothing was usually kept. The drawers were open, the floor strewn with various articles.

One look and she flew back to the outer door of her apartments. It was locked upon the outside, firm, fast locked.

She could not believe it at first. She could not believe till she ascertained by examination that the key was actually upon the outside.

"Oh, Heaven!" she cried, "this is what he meant! Oh, my baby! my Hugh! what has become of you?"

(To be continued.)

FRIENDSHIP has a noble effect upon all states and conditions. It relieves our cares, raises our hopes, and abates our fears. A friend who relates his suc-

cess talks himself into a new pleasure; and by opening his misfortunes leaves part of them behind him.

SIZES OF ANCIENT AND MODERN MEN.—The heroes of antiquity, esteemed god-like in their attributes, were naturally represented as being also god-like in stature. So poets sang of them, so sculptors gave them form in marble. Thus the tradition of the antique magnificence of form to which man attained was handed down from the remote centuries and was accepted without question. But the notion thus accounted for is ruined and wholly dispelled—as far as at least as historic times, with which alone we have to do, are concerned—by facts recently ascertained. In every exhibition of arms and armour thrown open to the observer, from the Tower of London to that collection exhibited in Somerset House by the Society of Antiquaries, now closed, abundant evidence is afforded that the men of the earliest times were smaller in limb and shorter in stature than the men of the present day. The ancient British and Roman arms exhibited in Somerset House could have been effectively wielded only by a smaller race of men than that of our time. The handles of the swords and daggers were too small to afford a firm grasp to the hand of a modern Englishman, and even few women's hands would have fitted it between the guard and the extreme end of the hilt. In armour, again, it is a remarkable fact that none but the smallest and slimmest men amongst us could squeeze ourselves into the corselets worn by such heroes as "fluttered the Volscians" at Cressy and Poitiers. Darnley's cuirass at Holyrood Palace cannot be got outside of a man of five feet eight and of proportionate build. Wallace's sword, a huge iron contrivance which few of us could swing, and which is certain the hero of Scotland never wielded, has been found to be no more genuine than the poker still shown as Bailie Nicol Jarvie's at the Clachan of Aberfoyle, and has been withdrawn from exhibition at Dumbarton Castle; and the armour of the Black Prince is too small for an average Guardsman. It seems, then, that England, instead of producing a race inferior to that which flourished in the early heroic times, now breeds men of clearly grander and more athletic frame than she has hitherto done. In the light of this fact we must revise our early historic impressions. Richard Cœur de Lion, the Prince of Crusaders, and the fear of Saladin, we must now be compelled to regard as, after all, only a light weight; Edward the First, that Longshanks who was the "Hammer of the Scottish nation," as being considerably short of the standard of our own Horse Guards, and the famous and splendid Black Prince as a hero of infinite more skill and energy, but of very ordinary form, and with a constitution so delicate that after a few years' campaigning in France, and a disastrous raid into Spain (where he suffered severely from the heat), he pined and faded and dropped into an early and premature grave. So much for mediæval giants.

CROWNS.

Crowns appear to have been in the first place wreaths of woods, wild flowers or leaves of oak, myrtle, laurel, olive, and other trees. Their original use was momentary, in express honours or pleasures suddenly coming to pass. Victorious generals, brave soldiers, and reverend priests, received wreaths, varying according to their callings and deeds. The perishable nature of the materials brought in time the substitution of gold and silver for vegetable substances. The earliest crowns of these metals appear to be imitations of the leaves they replaced; but they became permanent ornaments, used regularly on great occasions.

The high priest's mitre among the Israelites was an early form of crown, and the bishops of the Greek and Roman churches still wear such an article. The Pope, who claims the title of "Universal Bishop," wears a mitre encircled by three crowns, which before the annexation of Rome to the Kingdom of Italy were taken to represent his three supreme authorities—ecclesiastical, civil, and judicial. The diadem, a sort of fillet or cap of gold, became common after the time of the Roman Emperor Constantine.

About the tenth century, when nearly all feudal lords claimed to be independent sovereigns, most of them assumed some sort of a crown, which as a coronet still figures on the coats of arms of many aristocratic families in Europe. The elder branch, however, is alone entitled to use it in heraldic bearings.

It was in seeking to ascertain, without knowledge of chemical analysis, whether the king's goldsmith had substituted a quantity of silver for gold when making a crown that Archimedes discovered the principles of specific gravity—discovered that a given weight of light substance, when sunk in water, will displace more of the fluid than an equal weight of a heavy one.

The Emperor Charlemagne was buried in an im-

perial mausoleum, the corpse, seated on a throne, arrayed in his robes, and his crown on his head. A thousand years passed away before that tomb was opened; and when once more the light of day entered the men of the new age found the skeleton seated on the throne, while the ruler still wore his crown. Nerve, muscle and vein had decayed, and returned to their elements; but the bones had kept their place while the earth whirled through space, and the nations rushed through time, and the crowned form still held its kingly seat.

Of the immortal crown which these things suggest it is not our purpose here to speak. But there is an earthly one to which we have not yet alluded, and which surpasses, in real worth and charm, all others ever contrived. It is silver hair, honestly earned by a life of pure and generous thoughts and deeds. This is Time's crown; it adorns the brow whereon it rests more than any ornament made by hands, and it lends a noble dignity to the lowliest face.

EDITH LYLE'S SECRET.

By the Author of "Daisy Thornton," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XXXII.

I HAD left my stool by the organ and was sitting in the front of the gallery when the announcement of the congregational festival was made, and I saw the elevating of Julia Schuyler's eyebrows and the contemptuous glance she flashed upon Alice Creighton, and guessed at once how the proposal was regarded by these "high-toned young ladies," as Godfrey called them, saying when they expressed their views of an affair, which every one was free to attend, from the Bartons down to Mrs. Vandusenhausen, that he was glad "he was not so refined that he could not enjoy himself."

The young ladies had enjoyed the recent party thoroughly. Emma had liked the dancing, and Julia had been conscious of Robert Macpherson's dreamy eyes following her wherever she went, while Alice had divided her time between Godfrey and the new clergyman, to the latter of whom she talked of the church, and the mission, and the new harmonium, while with Godfrey she took another tone and criticized the people present, and said parties in the country were so different from parties in London, where one could have everything commel faint. But the church festival was another thing, and the blame of it was charged entirely to Edith, who was really not in fault.

Mr. Marks, the rector, was very zealous in his work, and one morning, while calling upon Edith, he broached the subject of the church gathering. They were needing so much money, he said, and there was no house in the parish which would accommodate so many people or attract so great a crowd as the Schuyler house, and he wished Mrs. Schuyler would consent to have the gathering there for once.

Edith knew nothing at all of such things or in what disfavour they were held in the house, and answered:

"Certainly; I am quite willing if my husband is. You can ask him," before Miss Julia—who was just entering the room, and overheard the proposition—had time to protest against it.

It was too late now for any objections from Julia, who went at once with the news to her aunt and Alice.

"The idea of such a thing here," she said, as she reported to them what was under consideration. "Everybody will be coming, with Mrs. Vandusenhausen the first to ring the bell and Mrs. Thockmorton's servant the second. It is preposterous. But father will never allow it, I am sure. Mr. Marks is to ask him, you know."

"Don't flatter yourself, my dear, or count upon what your father may or may not do," Miss Rossiter said, with all the scorn her thin lips could express. "New wives make new laws, and your father is a mere tool in that woman's hands. Once he had a will of his own, now he has none, save that of her, whose low-born tastes will lead her to consort with such people as a congregational gathering will bring here."

Miss Rossiter was very bitter, and something of her poison was communicated to her niece, who was very cool and distant towards Edith at lunch, where she met her first after Mr. Marks's morning call, and on the plea of headache declined to drive with her as she had intended doing.

So Emma went instead, leaving her sister and aunt to talk of Edith and wonder if Mr. Schuyler would consent.

Julia was sure he would not, and yet she felt glad when she saw him riding up the avenue, inasmuch as she would have an opportunity of speaking to him first and thus circumventing his "doll-faced plaything," as Miss Rossiter called Edith,

whom she disliked from principle rather than from any fault in her.

But the rector had seen Mr. Schuyler in town, and told him of his call upon Edith, and her willingness to have the party, provided her husband did not object.

"Yes, certainly—I—I—I am not quite certain I understand just what such a thing is. I do not think I ever went to one," he said, looking a little disturbed.

Mr. Marks explained as well as he could, and expatiated largely upon the good which resulted from these promiscuous assemblies, where all met upon a level, as Christian people should.

"It gives the poor and neglected a chance to get acquainted," he said, "and thus promotes good feelings and religious growth generally."

"Yes, certainly," Mr. Schuyler said, abstractedly, as he beat the tip of his boot with his riding-whip; "I understand; it's a collection of everybody, from my banker to my tailor. I don't think there's ever been such a thing like it at my house, but certainly have it by all means, if Mrs. Schuyler signifies the least desire for it."

Mr. Schuyler's chestnut mare was pawing the turf, impatient to be off, and, bowing formally to the rector, Mr. Schuyler mounted her and galloped towards home, where he was met by Julia and Miss Rossiter, who plunged at once into the obnoxious gathering which Mrs. Schuyler proposed to have there and which they trusted he would veto. Miss Rossiter was the principal speaker, and she said that Mrs. Schuyler could not understand or appreciate her position as his wife or their feelings if she wished such a mixture of people to come there, trampling on their velvet carpets.

"And, Howard, you may just as well be master of your own house first as last, unless you wish an entire new element introduced into your social relations."

Mr. Schuyler himself had been a little disturbed about the affair, not knowing exactly whether it were wholly the thing, but something in Miss Rossiter's manner angered him, as it implied reproach to Edith, and he roused at once in her defence and said he had seen Mr. Marks, who alone was responsible if there was anything wrong in the affair; that he had given his consent and should not withdraw it, but should expect his daughters to do whatever was necessary to make the gathering a success. That settled it, and Miss Rossiter took one of her headaches and retired to her room and did not appear at dinner, where Edith looked fresh and charming after her drive, and was in high spirits. She had forgotten all about the church gathering until, with a stern glance at Julia, whose face was cloudy and dark, Mr. Schuyler said to her:

"Ah, my dear, I met Mr. Marks, who persuaded me into having the church sociable gathering at our house next week, provided you do not object."

"Not at all; I told him I did not," Edith replied, and he continued:

"Then, my daughter," turning to Julia, "see that Mrs. Tiffe has everything in readiness."

Julia bowed, while Godfrey dropped his fork and almost hurried in his surprise.

It was very gay at the Schuylers' that night, for as the evening advanced the formality which had at first characterized the strangers wore away, and those who did not dance joined in the games which were played in an adjoining room.

But the affair was not to Mr. Schuyler's taste, and he was glad when the last had said good night and his house was cleared of them all. He did not like these affairs, and his daughters did not like them, and Mrs. Tiffe did not like them, though there was one comfort, that worthy matron said—"They ate up all the dry cake left from the party," and she congratulated herself upon having something edible left as she locked up her store-room and silver and retired for the night.

Gertie was too much excited to sleep, and long after her return home she sat and talked of what she had seen, and when at last she laid her head upon her pillow it was with the conviction that she never could be as happy again as she had been that night dancing the Lancers with Godfrey.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

"HELLO, Bob, are you going anywhere in particular?" was Godfrey's salutation to Robert Macpherson, when, the next afternoon, he met him at a point in the grounds where two paths diverged.

"Just to town for a walk. Are you going anywhere in particular?" was the reply, to which Godfrey responded:

"Just away from town for a walk."

And so the two took different roads and sauntered on until, curiously enough, they met again at the gate of Mrs. Rogers's cottage, where Gertie sat alone upon the porch.

"Did you start to come here?" Robert asked, colouring a little.

And Godfrey replied: "Yes; did you?"

But his face wore a look of annoyance, which was in no wise lessened when ten minutes later Will Ransom came dashing up on his chestnut steed, followed five minutes after by Tom Barton, who seemed to think it the neatest kind of a joke that they had all met there together and so found each other out.

"I don't know what there is to find out," Godfrey said. "This is most too much of a good thing, and I think I'll go."

"Please, Mr. Godfrey, don't," Gertie said, beseechingly, feeling intuitively that hers was rather a novel position, along with four young men, and that Godfrey was in some way a protector.

He came to see her of course, but she was too much a child to think for a moment that the remembrance of her blue eyes and rosebud mouth and wavy hair had brought the others there.

They came, no doubt, to get some sewing done, and she was sorry her auntie was gone, and very glad when at last she saw her coming, for now they could give their orders and go away.

For an instant Mary Rogers stopped short at sight of four fashionable young men, with perfumed looks and fancy canes, sitting before her door, with Gertie in their midst, looking so beautiful and innocent, and so unconscious withal of the admiration she was exciting.

Then the good, honest-minded woman's resolution was taken, and she went swiftly up to her visitors and asked what she could do for them.

"Nothing, nothing, madam; we simply came to call," Tom Barton replied, inspecting her curiously and wondering how that dainty bit of flesh and blood in the blue dress chanced to belong to her.

"Come to call, did you? I am sorry then I happened to be out. Gertie, I brought this letter from the office for Mrs. Simmons. Tie on your bonnet and take it to her directly," Mary Rogers said, while a dead silence fell upon the group of four, each of whom looked at the others inquiringly.

Gertie was only sorry to leave Godfrey, but, reflecting that if she hurried he might be there when she came back, she hastened away, while her admirers looked after her until the turn in the road hid her from view.

Then Mrs. Rogers spoke, standing up before them with a flush on her face, and a dignity in her tone and manner which commanded respect from her audience.

"Young men," she began, "you came to see Gertie, and I don't like it, and won't allow it either. She is too young to have such ideas put in her head, even were you honest, which you are not. Not one of you would marry her, or be willing to be seen with her by your friends, if she were older than she is. You do not look upon her as your equal, and you only come to amuse yourselves with her because she is pretty, but it shall not be. It's no credit to a girl in Gertie's position to have a lot of young gentlemen like you hanging round her, and I won't have even so much as a breath of harm done to her future good name by you coming here and talking flattering nonsense, which you don't mean; and I put it to your honour to do by my child as you would have a body to do by your sister if she was as young and innocent as Gertie."

"You are right! and I give you my hand as a gentleman that by no act of mine shall Gertie be compromised!" Tom Barton exclaimed, as he rose to his feet and offered his hand to Gertie's champion.

Tom's example was followed by Robert Macpherson and Will Ransom, but Godfrey sat still in his chair.

Mrs. Rogers did not mean him of course. She knew he never by thought or deed would harm any woman, and he was not going to promise not to see Gertie Westbrooke, and talk of her too as much as he liked. But it was a good thing to snub that conceited Will Ransom, and that Tom Barton who was half intoxicated now, and he felt like cheering Mrs. Rogers, and meant to stay after the others were gone, and tell her so. But Robert Macpherson meant to stay too, and, after waiting impatiently ten or fifteen minutes for him to go, Godfrey arose at last and said good afternoon, wondering within himself why "Bob would stick himself where he was not wanted."

Robert had business with Mrs. Rogers, and, when alone with her, he began at once by assuring her that so far as he was concerned she had nothing to fear from Gertie.

"And you will know you have not," he continued, "when I tell you that she is the very image of the only sister I ever had—the little girl who died when just Gertie's age, and of whom I never think without a throb of pain."

It was this wonderful likeness, he said, which first attracted him to Gertie, and made him so desirous for her portrait, as he had none of his sister. And then he went on to tell how fond he was of his profession as an artist, and that as there were so many fine views in the vicinity of Schuyler Hill he wished to remain there for a time, sketching and studying the autumnal scenery, and as he would not of course stay at Mr. Schuyler's house he wished to rent a room in some quiet house, and take his meals at the hotel.

Had Mrs. Rogers such a room, and would she let it to him for a liberal compensation?

Mrs. Rogers was in need of money. Her own health was not good, and Gertie's education and music would cost so much that Robert's offer was a tempting one, and she considered it for a few moments, and then said yes, and showed him the large, pleasant room where Abelaud Lyle's coffin had stood, and where, within a few days, easels, and pallets, and brushes, and paint were scattered about promiscuously; for Robert had taken possession, and dubbed the room his "Den," and was going to paint "La Soeur" from Gertie's face, and then retouch from his memory of his sister.

Mary Rogers had struck a powerful blow for Gertie, and hedged her round with the respect of the young men, who otherwise might have turned her head as she grew to womanhood, with all her wondrous beauty and fascinating sweetness, but for a time she felt some misgivings as to the propriety of having taken Robert Macpherson as a lodger. Had she not by thus doing let the wolf into the fold?

But no, she could not think so when she saw how quiet and unobtrusive he was, never seeking either herself or her child, unless he needed them for the sittings, and as days glided into weeks her watchfulness gradually subsided, and she felt that her home was pleasanter for having the artist there.

Tom Barton and Will Ransom came sometimes to see him, but they never asked for Gertie, and if by chance they saw her going out or coming in they treated her with as much deference as if she had been one of the ladies from Schuyler House.

Godfrey was there at first every day, and sometimes twice a day, but now that Mary knew him better she had no fears of him, and trusted her darling to him as if he had been a brother.

He was going away soon. He had seen a great deal of Gertie during the weeks he visited Robert so often, and was interested in everything which interested her, from her lesson in the catechism to her French and music, in both of which she was making rapid progress.

And Gertie was doing him good, too, always reproving him in her quiet, outspoken way, when she found him relapsing into careless habits of speaking, and keeping him constantly upon his good behaviour when he was with her.

She did not think him a perfect gentleman yet, and she frankly told him so when he put the question to her and laughingly referred to her promise given on board the ship. This was when he came to say good-bye, and asked if she could kiss him.

"No, I can't," she answered, "for I heard you say by George, and call your father the governor, and you are not a gentleman yet. You will have to wait."

And she pursed up her pretty mouth in a way which almost drove Godfrey to steal the kiss she refused him.

But he only held her hand a moment, and pressed it harder than he pressed Alice's next day when he said good-bye to her and went his way to where he will leave him and pass on to a time when Gertie came to have something to do with matters at Schuyler House.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

It was just one year from the day when Edith first came to Schuyler Hill, and over Schuyler House a dark cloud was hanging, as hour after hour went by and there was no gleam of hope for the pale-faced woman lying at the very gates of death and talking in her delirium of things which no one understood.

She had been thus for three entire days ever since the walls of her chamber first echoed to the wail of the infant boy which lay in its costly crib in the adjoining room and at which the father scarcely looked, so intense was his anxiety for the beautiful young mother, who, whenever he came near her with words of tenderness, motioned him away, saying:

"No, no, you mustn't, you don't know. It is not the first, as you think. Oh, my baby, I don't know where she is; find her, Howard; find my baby for me."

They brought her the little mite, wrapped in soft cambric and flannel, and it was her husband who held it close to her, and said:

"Look, Edith; here is our baby, our little boy; shall I lay it beside you?"

Very wistfully the gray eyes glanced for a moment into Mr. Schuyler's face and then down upon the child, while a look of anguish crept into them as Edith cried:

"No, no, this is not the one I want my lost baby, my baby with the soft blue eyes. Will no one find it for me?"

Then in a curious way she would examine with her eyes her surroundings and whisper to herself:

"Handsome furniture, fine linen, silken curtains, and silver dishes to eat from. This is not the place. Mother, mother, where am I, and are you there by the fire with baby?"

She was back again in London in the forlorn room, and the rain was plashing against the windows just as it did that dreary day, and she heard the footsteps of the lodgers on the stairs and the roar of the great city and fought again the battle for her child, and the iron hand came back and clutched her throat and strangled her until her face was purple and she writhed in the agonies of suffocation. Then when the paroxysm was over she lay for hours in a swoon so nearly resembling death that at last they thought her gone, and the whisper that she was dead ran through the hall, down to the servants' quarters, where it was told to Gertie Westbrooke, who had come to inquire for her.

"No, no, not dead; oh, no, what shall I do?" Gertie cried, as with a low, bitter moan she sank down upon the grass by the door and covering her face with her hands wept passionately.

During the past year Edith and Gertie had met often by the grave which the child tended with so much care, and they had learned to know each other well. Together they had talked of French and music, and the books which Gertie liked best, and the flowers of which Gertie knew so much; and Edith had written to the white-haired, sweet-faced old lady among the Berwick hills, and sent the roses Gertie had pressed and which blossomed on Abelaud's grave. And when the answer came which had in it a blessing for "the bonny lassie who looks after my poor laddie's grave," Edith read it to Gertie, sitting both of them under the shadow of the whispering pine which grew above the grave. And now all this had come to an end, and all the brightness of Gertie's life seemed stricken out with the words:

"Mrs. Schuyler is dead."

"And she so lovely and good—and she liked me too. Oh, I cannot bear it—I cannot!" Gertie sobbed, just as a footstep came near.

And, looking up, she saw Emma, who, overhearing the words and guessing at their meaning, said to her:

"Gertie, she is not dead. She is revived a little, and is breathing still, though the doctor thinks her dying."

"Not dead? Then there is hope!" and Gertie lifted up her head joyfully. "Oh, Miss Emma, may I see her—just look at her? I'll be so very quiet, and I loved her so much!"

"Yes. I do not know that you can do any harm by looking at her," Emma said, and in an instant Gertie was flying up the stairs and along the south hall, which led to Edith's room.

The door was open wide, and, looking in, she saw the white, still face upon the pillow, framed in masses of golden brown hair, which the fair hands had torn and matted when the iron fingers were at the throat. She seemed to be dead, and the doctor touched her pulse to see if it still beat, when the lips said, slowly and faintly:

"Where's my little girl?"

The last word was prolonged, and to the excited child leaning forward in the door it sounded like little Gertie, and, without stopping to consider the consequences, Gertie darted across the floor to the side of the dying woman, whose lips she kissed as she said:

"I'm here! I'm here!"

"Go away!" came sternly from the suffering husband, who frowned darkly upon the girl thus audaciously disturbing his dying wife.

And with a frightened face Gertie obeyed him, when the physician interposed and stopped her, saying:

"Speak to her again."

His practised eye had detected a change in his patient when Gertie first spoke to her, and now, when at his command the clear, silvery voice, so full of love and tender pathos, said:

"I am here—little Gertie. Do you know me, Mrs. Schuyler?"

There certainly was a change. But whether from the effect of the powerful medicine given a few moments before as a last experiment, or because of Gertie's voice, which rang so clear and bird-like, I cannot tell. I only know something penetrated into the deep darkness, and brought back the senses almost gone for ever.

There was a faint fluttering of the eyelids; then they unclosed, and the eyes looked full at Gertie, while the lips whispered, "Stay!" and a hand moved slowly toward the child, who grasped it in her own, and held it fast, while Edith seemed to sleep for a few moments.

"She is better, she will live," the doctor said, as he met her look of recognition when her sleep was over. "Quiet now is all she needs."

And then Gertie started to leave the room, but the white fingers closed tightly round hers, and, seeing that, Mr. Schuyler bade her stay.

So Gertie stayed all that afternoon, and sat by Edith's side, and smoothed the tangled hair, and bathed the pale forehead, and held the cooling drink to the parched lips; and once, when the baby cried in the next room and Edith seemed disturbed, she went and took it up, and, soothing it into quiet, laid it back upon its dainty bed.

Gertie was a natural nurse, and she covered herself with so much glory that day at Schuyler House that the proud husband himself unbent to her, and sent her home in his carriage because of a rain which was falling, and asked her to come again, as his wife seemed so quiet with her.

And Gertie went again, and often during the weeks of Edith's illness the invalid felt better and happier when Gertie was in the room beside her, where she could look at her and touch her if she chose. There had been consciousness for half an hour or more after the birth of her child, but instead of joy that "a man was born into the world" there had swept over her a wave of bitter anguish as she remembered the other little one, her first born, her girl baby stolen, lost and dead, of whom Mr. Schuyler never heard, and whose father slept under the evergreen which she could see from her window nodding in the autumn wind, and bending towards her as it seemed in an attitude of menace.

They had brought her baby for her to see, and her husband had laid it to her cheek, and said to her, lovingly:

"Look, darling, your first baby, and a very fine boy too;" and then Edith had recoiled from him, feeling herself a loathsome object of hypocrisy, and yearning, oh, so much, for the little one whose birth had been so different from the solon of the proud house of Schuyler, the fine boy over whom such rejoicings were made.

She had felt the warm, soft hand on her cheek, and the touch had awakened such intense love, and remorse, and pity and longing for the other child dead so long ago that she had writhed in agony and pushed her boy away, while her wandering mind went far, far down into the deepest depths of darkness as she reviewed a page of her life which she had thought sealed for ever. How awful were the hours of those days when the pine tree nodded and grinned and laughed and threw its long arms at her, and Abelard came and stood beside her with sad, reproachful eyes, and, pointing to a little plain pine coffin, said:

"This is our baby's bed, while his boy sleeps in satin and down."

Oh, it was horrible, and from this horror Gertie's voice had called her back, and she clung to the young girl, and insisted upon having her with her as much as possible, and said to herself:

"It's because of her care for that grave that I love her so much;" and when one day during her convalescence Gertie came to her in grief, and told her of Miss Armstrong's sudden illness, and that the school was closed indefinitely, and asked what she should do for a teacher, Edith considered for a moment, and then said:

"Go, Gertie, please, to Mr. Schuyler's room, and ask him to come here, and you wait in the hall till you see him go out."

"What is it, darling? Can I do anything for you?" Mr. Schuyler asked, as he bent over his wife, who was so pale and thin, and still so beautiful in her young maternity.

"Yes, Howard," and Edith's white fingers strayed caressingly over his hair and forehead. "You know that I feel—that both of us feel as if I were almost indebted to Gertie Westbrooke for my life, and I wish to do her a favour. Will you say yes to it?"

"Certainly—certainly. Is it money?" he asked, and Edith replied.

"No, better than that. Miss Armstrong's school is broken up, and Gertie has no teacher. She is a fine scholar, I hear, and anxious to learn. Let her come here every day and recite to Miss Browning. Miss Alice has nearly finished her education, and will soon be gone. Shall it be so? May I tell her to come?"

There was a momentary hesitation on Mr. Schuyler's part—a twinge or two of pride, and then he answered:

"Yes, certainly, yes, let her come. You always had a penchant for this girl, and I must say she seems a very remarkable child."

And so it was settled that Gertie was henceforth to recite to Miss Browning, and though there were consternation and much opposition in the school-room Mr. Schuyler stood firmly to his decision, and one pleasant morning in October Gertie brought her books to Schuyler House and took the desk assigned her, far removed from her aristocratic companions, who at first scarcely noticed her by so much as a nod of recognition.

But as time went on her sweet temper and quiet, gentle demeanour insensibly wore upon them, while they were surprised at her scholarship, so superior in some respects to their own that even Alice stooped more than once to ask information from the despised Gertie, who gave it without the least signs of exultation. Whatever Gertie undertook she did thoroughly, but her great success as a scholar was owing in part to the pains I had taken with her and to the interest Robert Macpherson had evinced in her studies ever since he became an occupant of the cottage. He was away now sketching scenery somewhere, but she was equal to the emergency, and studied early and late to overtake and surpass, if possible, the young ladies who looked upon her so contemptuously. But for any coldness on their part she more than had amends in the extreme kindness with which Edith invariably treated her, while the baby was to her a constant source of delight. She had been present at the baptism, and wondered to see Edith turn so white when the rector pronounced the name "James Lyle." Edith had wished to call her baby Howard, but her husband had objected to it and insisted upon James, the name of his only brother.

"We will add Lyle to it for you," he said. And so it was christened "James Lyle," and Edith grew so faint that her husband supported her as she left the church, and she lay all that pleasant Sunday afternoon upon the couch with a sad, tired look upon her face and scarcely noticed the little boy in his crib, whose name was the same with the man sleeping beneath the evergreen.

Jamie was a beautiful child, with a mass of dark brown curls, and eyes like his father's; and even Julia, who had from the first been opposed to his birth and treated her step-mother with great coolness on account of it, softened toward him and wrote to her aunt in London that "he really was a fine child, every inch a Schuyler, and that, all things considered, she was quite reconciled to his birth, though she felt for Godfrey, who was no longer the only son."

I think I have failed to record that having spent the entire winter at Schuyler House, doing her best to sow discord and dissension, and awake jealousy and dislike between Edith and her step-daughters, Miss Christine had received a hint from Mr. Schuyler to the effect that if she was not satisfied with matters as she found them that she might possibly be better suited elsewhere, and that acting upon this hint she had packed up her valuables with the air of a martyred saint and left for London, where she had bought the long-talked-of house, which was to be the asylum for her nieces when their own home was swarming with little Lyles, as she expressed it.

Here she was living in great splendour and loneliness when she read Julia's letter announcing the birth of the first little Lyle, "who is every inch a Schuyler."

"Oh, she is being won over too," she said, as she finished reading the letter. "Poor Emily! what would she say if she knew about that baby, and that Godfrey was supplanted in his rights? Poor Godfrey! I'll write to him to-day."

And she did write, a letter of four pages, and told him of the intruder, and asked him what he thought now of his step-dame.

Godfrey thought she was jolly, and wrote her a note of congratulation.

The baby was a success, and no one seemed to love it more than Gertie Westbrooke.

She was passionately fond of children, and devoted herself so much to Jamie that he soon learned to know her, and would cry when she left his sight.

And so it came about that she was much with Edith, between whom and herself the bond of love was strengthening and paving the way for the fulfilment of events, which culminated at last with the clanging of bells we heard on that autumn morning when this story commenced.

(To be continued.)

BRIDGE OVER THE NIAGARA RIVER.—It is expected that the great international railway bridge to span the Niagara River, between Buffalo and Fort Erie, will be completed and opened some time this month. It is the enterprise of an independent company, was commenced in May, 1870, and its cost will be something over one million dollars. The superstructure is of iron, supported on stone piers, with the necessary draws for the passage of vessels. The length

of the main bridge across the river is 1,968 feet; thence across Squaw Island to the west end of the bridge over Black Rock Harbour is about 1,200 feet; and the bridge over the harbour at Niagara Street is 517 feet.

THE ARTIFICIAL ENHANCEMENT OF THE PRICE OF MEAT IN LONDON.

In meat the supply is limited; it is never excessive. There are too many useless and unnecessary persons obtaining livelihoods between the producer and the consumer. An animal fattened in Norfolk frequently passes through three or four markets and sales before it gets to the cattle market in London, and there often sold twice or thrice, is then slaughtered, and sent to the meat market in Smithfield, where the carcass is sold and resold by the jobbers, and at last finds its way into the shops of the retail butcher: half a dozen profits, where in the true interest of the consumer three or four of them could and should be dispensed with. The salesmen compete most keenly in obtaining the best price they can in the interest of their consignor; and of course he who is enabled to return the best price has the largest quantities of meat for sale.

This is done by various processes. The first necessity is capital: large credits are given. Frequently money is found for persons in the country to purchase the meat and animals and send to London. It is commonly understood in the markets that the retail men who can pay ready money for their articles can purchase 1d. or 1½d. in the stone of 8 lbs. cheaper than those who take credit. Where one pays cash five are credit purchasers. This does not arise because the butcher has not a fair amount of capital to carry on his business, but because in some districts the retail tradesmen take all ready money, while in others hardly any person pays his tradesmen oftener than once a month, and in some instances the butcher would lose his customer if he asked for money more frequently than once a year.

The first thing necessary to bring about a more healthy state of things is that the public should pay cash on delivery for their food; less capital would be required to carry on the trade, and a more direct control over housekeeping expenses would arise, a matter very necessary in these days of high prices. The butcher then would be enabled to pay cash.

The Corporation, or whoever the market authority may be, ought not to let the shops to persons who are mere jobbers. The term jobber is not meant to include that useful and necessary man, the cutting salesman, viz., the man who purchases whole carcasses, takes them to his shop, cuts them into quarters or joints, and disposes of them to the butchers and others from all parts of the metropolis. In the pork trade, for instance, comparatively few of the pigs leave the market whole. The retail pork butcher wants some pigs in the carcass, but he also requires legs, hands, and heads, for sausage-making and brawn. The cheesemonger and poulterer require a few small legs and loins of crackling pork, and the cookshop and eating-house keepers take various joints, but could not dispose of the whole pig. The same may be said of every description of animal that comes into the market. Prime joints—such as rumps and loins, and fore-ribs of beef, and the best boiling parts—and their way into the so-called "swell neighbourhoods," while thin and thick flanks, shins and legs, clods and stickings, are taken for consumption to Golden Lane, Ratcliff Highway, and other such like localities, where the poor do most congregate. These cutting salesmen are a necessity; but not so the man who simply purchases the carcass, causes it to be taken to his shop in the market, perhaps sells to another of his own class, or to a cutting salesman, or to a retail butcher, lives out of the business he does, and does no good to any one but himself, for the consignor only gets what he gave the salesman for it, and the consumer has to pay more, in consequence of the existence of this drone in the hive, as an unhealthy and unnecessary competitor with the proper purchaser and purveyor, the retail butcher.

Five-and-thirty years ago there was an ad valorem duty on wheat up to 72s. per quarter, at which the duty ceased, and it was permitted to come in free. This was done to prevent bread getting to a starvation price, through the speculations in grain that then went on, and enable the poor man to get a loaf. This was in an article of food that could be stored, and would not perish. Flesh foods will perish, and must be obtained of the purveyor daily, to supply his customers, hence it is that the jobber is enabled so much more readily and expeditiously to make his profit, as the article he deals in is wanted and must be obtained at whatever cost that day.—*The City Press.*

Of present fame think little and of future less. The praises that we receive after we are buried, like the flowers that are strewn over our graves, may be

gratifying to the living, but they are nothing to the dead.

THE HEIRESS OF CLANRONALD.

CHAPTER XXIV.

LADY RYHOPE is in her town-house in St. James's Square, and the little French clock on the marble mantel of her boudoir strikes nine o'clock.

It is my lady's breakfast hour.

She rises languidly from the velvet depths of her chair and shakes out her cashmere morning-robe.

She would prefer to breakfast where she is, but there are guests in the grand morning-room below, and courtesy forces her to go down.

Daisy stands in the hall without a tall, queenly young person, in a very simple but wondrously becoming robe of buff cambric, ornamented with jet.

She advances with quiet courtesy and offers Lady Ryhope the support of her arm, for her ladyship is still an invalid.

She accepts it and they go down together, though in all the world there is not another being whom my lady hates so cruelly as she does this dusky, brilliant-faced girl.

Yet she has brought her to London for the season, for the simple reason that she feared to leave her behind.

And Daisy has come.

Despite all her resolves to the contrary she has come, unable to resist her intense desire to see the glitter of a London season.

They enter the spacious breakfast room and my lady takes her place at the head of the gleaming table, a smiling, pleasant, handsome hostess, yet not in wide England, perhaps, is there another woman so utterly unhappy.

But she understands the art of dissimulation. No one suspects what a canker-spot eats into the very core of Lady Laura's proud heart as she sits there, smiling so blandly, a spray of purple heliotrope hanging from her drooping blonde tresses.

The tempting breakfast is served in costly china and quaint old silver by quiet, well-trained servants, and just as they are on the point of rising the morning mail comes in.

There are letters for Lady Ryhope by the dozen, from her business men, her friends—letters for May, all for the most part in the epistolary, Italian hand of school misses with whom she corresponds—letters also for Miss Doon.

Lady Ryhope's companion rises from her seat at the lower end of the table and comes round to receive them, her dusky eyes on fire.

Lady Ryhope takes them up daintily in her white, jewelled fingers. One is from Ichabod; she sees that at a glance. The other bears Lord Raeburn's crest and superscription.

Lady Laura takes it all in a glance, but her smile does not fade or her quiet gaze wander. She passes them across to Daisy.

"Your letters, my dear," she says, in her sweet, high-bred voice. "One, I perceive, is from your brother—he will call to see you to-day, no doubt."

Daisy bows with queenly self-command, and, excusing herself, retires to her own apartment. Not once since that bitter hour when she parted from him at the light-house down in Durham has she heard a word from Lord Raeburn.

She is rapidly acquiring the high-bred art of self-repression, but she could not read that letter under the eyes of Lady Ryhope and all her London guests. She bows herself out, my lady's equal in her queenly calm, and runs up the staircase to her own room and double locks the door.

The letter is from Lord Raeburn, who will that morning reach London. Important labour and research have kept him busy all these days, too busy to write, and moreover he did not care to write till he was sure of what he had to say.

"I am sure now, Miss Doon," he goes on, "there is not the shadow of a doubt about the matter. Your brother is Lord of Clanronald, with an income of some five or six thousand a year when the estate is got in proper order."

Daisy utters a sharp cry, and for one moment the room whirls round, and a deadly faintness creeps over her. But she will not faint, not even in the tumult of this wondrous joy. She springs up, setting her white teeth, and, running to the window, throws the casement open wide.

Smoky, half-awake London lies below, like the vision of a dream. And she is not Daisy, the shoemaker's grand-daughter, but Lady Clanronald! She fairly gasps in her amazement. Can it be true? Her eyes go back to Lord Raeburn's letter.

"Your brother is Lord of Clanronald," she reads on, "for the Clanronald estate and title are strictly entailed to the next nearest kin. And Douglas Doon, the late lord of the castle, died a bachelor, and you and your brother are not only the nearest but the only kin that can be found."

Douglas Doon! The name is like the fragment

of an old dream! Often and often had she heard grandfather say it, as he hammered away at his work. She bursts into a passion of childish weeping.

"Oh, grandfather," she sobs, "poor old grandfather, if you were only back again!"

A sudden thought of Ichabod, of all this fairy wealth will bring him, and the sobbing ends in hysterical laughter. It is a great, a wondrous change, to be lifted from the low estate she has always so abhorred to the position of a titled lady; and as she truly realizes it for the first time poor Daisy experiences a feeling that no pen can describe.

But presently she goes back to her letter, which she has only half read.

"I have refrained from addressing your brother, or any one at all save yourself," Lord Raeburn goes on, "about this matter; I thought it the wisest plan to trust only you. It has cost me a great amount of labour and research, and some money, Miss Doon, to get at the bottom of this tangled old Scottish heritage. But I have succeeded as I generally do when I set to work in earnest."

"The Doon pedigree, from the day when the Clanronald race was founded, and all the proofs that pertain to the Clanronald heritage, are in my possession; and I will say just here that the strongest link in that same quaint little locket you were so loth to trust me with. But you must learn to trust me, Miss Doon, for I am your friend."

"Well, the proofs are all in my hands; without those proofs your brother cannot claim his own. It is for you to say whether he ever will claim it or not. Possibly you do not understand. I will speak plainly."

"I have done my work and now I want my pay. In other words, before I surrender these proofs into your hands there are certain conditions with which you must comply—not unreasonable, as you will allow when you hear them."

"Do not think me selfish and ungenerous, my dear young lady, and believe me I have your interest solely at heart. When we meet I will make known my conditions and meet your decision. And where and when shall we meet? I suppose, though I cannot see why, that I am not allowed in Lady Ryhope's drawing-rooms. I am sure I have done her ladyship all possible justice."

"But this is not to the point. The Duchess of Clydesdale gives a ball to-morrow night, as you know, in honour of Miss Ryhope's first appearance. Cannot you manage to be there? There is a spacious garden attached to her residence, and I shall be under the arbour, by the eastern fountain, where the Undine statue stands, at eleven o'clock. If you look to your own and your brother's interest you will not fail me."

"Until then I shall subscribe myself your faithful friend and servant."

Daisy crushed the letter into her bosom and sat down bewildered. What could Lord Raeburn's conditions be? What could he desire of her? The remembrance of her last sight of him brought the hot blood to her cheeks. Could she meet him again, even for Ichabod's sake, for the sake of the Clanronald heritage?

She had no thought of going to Lady Ryhope with her confidence now. That proud lady's haughty coldness had put all that out of the question. Lady Ryhope might think what she pleased, she would never offer her an explanation. But it might be well to go to Ichabod and take him with her to meet Lord Raeburn.

She took up his letter and tore it open. He was well, in fine spirits, and would call to see her at seven that evening. Yes, that would be best. She would tell him everything, and be guided by his judgment.

May came dancing into her room just as Daisy unlocked the door.

"Oh, Daisy!" she cried, "my dress has come, and you must go straight with me and look at it. There never was anything so exquisite! Come, please!"

Daisy turned back, and, taking the crumpled letter from her bosom, transferred it to her writing-desk, which she locked, removing the key and putting it in her pocket.

May watched her with dancing eyes.

"Why, bless me," she ejaculated, "how careful we are, and such ponderous letters too! For shame, Daisy, and I have not a secret from you."

Daisy flushed, and averted her eyes.

"Oh, it is only a business letter," she replied;

"you may read this one—'tis from Ichabod."

Miss Ryhope received it, and proceeded to glance over it as they crossed the hall toward her own apartments.

"To-night at seven," she said; "that will suit nicely. We drive at five, and dinner will be over and everything quiet at seven. Dear Ichabod, I shall so like to see him."

Daisy smiled with conscious pride. Ah, if Miss Ryhope only might know what good fortune had fallen to Ichabod!

It cost her a struggle to refrain from telling her. "Here's my ball dress," cried May, as they passed into her elegant chamber; "now isn't it lovely? That's real point lace, and the dewdrops in those pansies are all diamonds. And see here," she shuddered, throwing open her jewel casket, "mamma gave me these—and I like pearls—she is keeping all the Ryhope and Pevansy diamonds for Estasee—she keeps the best of everything for him—when he marries Lady Mary Thorndike. I do wonder whatever she will do with so many diamonds. She has a fine assortment of her own."

Daisy blushed vividly, she could not tell why, and felt a sharp and sudden pain at her heart.

"That tiresome old duchess gave me these," May continued, displaying a lovely set of turquoise and diamonds, "and I'm to wear them to her ball to-morrow night, and make my debut. She is my chaperone, you know, as mamma isn't well, and she's to present me at court, and all that. I like it amazingly," she continued, settling down upon a silken cushion, while Daisy replaced the jewels, "the balls and the jewels and all that. I think this London life is ever so nice, if they only would not tease me about that stupid earl. Mamma said yesterday he would propose soon, and I would make the most brilliant match of the season."

She passed an instant, a vivid red rising to her fair cheeks, and then added, abruptly:

"Daisy, I didn't tell you that young Squire Renshawe is in London."

Daisy smiled down on the conscious young face uplifted to her own.

"Well, I'm sure you ought to be glad," she said; "he's a very pleasant gentleman, and one of your most devoted admirers."

May tossed her pretty head like a fussy kitten, and the vivid bloom still mantled her cheeks.

"Glad indeed!" she responded. "I'm surprised at you, Daisy! Why should I care? He was in the park yesterday, on his black hunter, and when he rode up to the carriage and bowed didn't mamma look daggers? But he'll be at Lady Clydesdale's ball, and—and—oh, pshaw! what do I care about it? Only I never will accept the Earl of Shaftonbury."

"And you will accept Mr. Renshawe?" added Daisy, mischievously.

Miss Ryhope put up her pretty lips in a childish pout.

"You talk nonsense," she replied; "run and get 'Bless Hark,' and read for an hour or two—that's a darling! Mamma won't need you for ages yet."

CHAPTER XXV.

LADY RYHOPE did not drive in the Park that afternoon—she had one of those sudden attacks of nervous headache—which are as indispensable to a fine lady as her diamonds. She sent Daisy in her stead—a very kind and thoughtful act in my lady, which filled the girl's impulsive heart with loving gratitude.

"And, oh, Daisy!" cried May, after my lady had issued her edict, and they were alone together, "you shall make a grand toilet, and play the real lady for once—you shall! Sit right down now, and let Matilda do your hair, while I rack my brain for your dress. Not a word—I will have my way!"

Daisy yielded, and, seating herself in the velvet chair before the great toilet mirror, she submitted her queenly head to the deft fingers of the French maid.

"Mademoiselle must wear her hair like a coronet," declared Matilda, ornamentally, and forthwith set herself to work to produce that particular style of coiffure.

Daisy, leaning back in the luxurious depths of the royal velvet, let her fancy roam at will, while the nimble fingers braided and brushed her glossy black locks, dreaming of the good fortune in store for her, when she would be a titled lady in her own right, with all the luxuries and adornments of wealth at her command.

Pretty Miss Ryhope was elbow deep in luxurious attire of every conceivable description, a thoughtful frown on her pearl-fair brow that gave her lovely, child's face a new charm.

"You'll wear your black silk," she cried, presently. "If you were not so dreadfully tall, and I so unreasonably short, there are lots of my dresses that might be available; but black silk is always genteel, and here are real lace sleeves and collar, and this jet and pearl set, that will suit you nicely—isn't it so, Matilda?"

The French maid answered a trifle haughtily, as she arranged the matchless black braids. She did not entirely fancy dressing a lady who was put to such shifts about her toilet. Yet she assented—the real lace and jet and pearl were certainly very appropriate.

"And, oh, I have it now!" cried May, bringing her dimpled hands together in an ecstasy, and then plunging headlong into the depths of a lower drawer. "Oh, Daisy, only do look here," and she drew up a mass of silver tissue, from which she

shook out impatiently a Canton crêpe shawl of the very finest material, and in hue a rich and vivid scarlet.

Daisy, who had a passion for tropic hues, uttered a cry of delight.

"It never did suit me," continued little Miss Ryhope, spreading it about her white shoulders like a vivid flame; "it isn't my colour at all—but it must have been made for you, Daisy. Now, Matihl, won't it be exquisite?"

The French woman thawed in spite of herself. It was not in human nature, least of all in feminine Parisian nature, to resist such a marvel as that scarlet shawl.

"It will indeed," she ejaculated, giving the last touch to the superb head. "Now," she continued, catching the shawl and draping it over Daisy's sloping shoulders, "only see! Mademoiselle is beautiful! Now the lace and the ornaments. Oh, ciel! with a long-drawn sigh, "such a toilet pays one—look, mademoiselle."

Daisy turned to the long mirror and started in surprise.

Was that queenly figure, lustrous with jewels and vivid colours, that proud, dusky-eyed creature, Daisy Doon? Not Lady Clanronald rather. A proud, contented smile curved her red lips. She was a lady titled and nobly born. She had a right to be proud and beautiful.

"But the hat, Matihl!" cried May, breathless in her delight. "See, this one of Miss Doon's is all black—shouldn't something else be added?"

Matihl meditated for the space of a minute.

"There must be a scarlet plume to match the shawl," she said. "I wonder where we shall find one."

May darted off into an ante-room, returning almost immediately in smiling triumph, her white hands filled with feathers, black and red, and great, sweeping ostrich plumes half a yard in length.

The French woman selected an ostrich tip that just matched the shawl in colour, and twined it in a curving sweep about the crown of Daisy's hat, fastening it in with a small jet and pearl pin.

"Now," she said, setting it on the superb head, "mademoiselle is ready, and there won't be a handsomer toilet in the Drive."

"Catch up any palish silk and put it on me, Matihl," laughed May. "I'm a nonentity—it requires no art to make my toilet."

Nevertheless, in her turquoise blue, with pearl-white plumes shading her exquisite face, Miss Ryhope looked quite lovely as the grand Ryhope carriage drove out from the handsome town-house in St. James's Square.

The April afternoon was glorious, lit by a fitful burst of golden spring sunshine, and the park was crowded with the very *crème de la crème* of London society.

And as the stately old coachman, in his silver-laced coat, drove his thorough-bred bays down the "Lady's Mile" a hundred admiring eyes were bent upon the lovely occupants of the carriage.

Miss Ryhope was nodding incessantly, for almost every face she met was the face of an acquaintance; but Daisy, to whom all busy London was new and strange, sat silent and motionless in her dark young beauty.

Presently they passed the old duchess in her glittering phaeton, with its cream-coloured pair that would bring a snug little fortune at Tattersall's, and with her son, the handsome young marquis, at her side.

He started with pleasure at sight of May, and bowed deeply.

"Miss Ryhope," muttered the duchess, as they drove on, "and that plebeian girl! I would like to know if Lady Laura Ryhope is losing her senses, or if she ever had any to lose?"

The marquis looked round inquiringly.

"I'm sure," he said, "I see no grounds for believing her ladyship witless—Miss Doon, that's the name I think—looks to be a very discreet young person, and, by Jove, she's a stunningly handsome one."

"For Heaven's sake, Keith," ejaculated the duchess, adjusting her gold glasses, "don't use such horrid language—and don't go into foolish ecstasies. Next thing, you'll be in love with this shoemaker's girl, as well as Sir Eustace."

"I'm not altogether sure," yawned the marquis, "but such is the case already. I admire Ryhope's taste—there's not such another woman in England, though I confess the shoemaking part is a trifle objectionable!"

Meanwhile the Ryhope carriage sped along, and Daisy's black eyes glowed with unutterable delight as she watched the beauty and grandeur displayed around her. She was a butterfly by nature, born to live in the summer sunshine.

But Miss Ryhope's hand on her arm broke in upon her fairy dream.

"Only look, Daisy," she cried, under her breath, "here comes that hateful old earl, and yonder Mr. Renshawe—don't you see, on the black hunter?"

The earl, superbly mounted, was beside the carriage by the time Miss Ryhope had finished speaking, his florid face growing still redder, and his small, leaden eyes twinkling with delight.

May responded coldly enough to his salutations. Would she go to the opera that evening? He would drive round to the duchess, his sister, and attend her!

But Miss Ryhope only pouted, and tossed her head till all her pretty tresses flashed in the April sunshine. She did not care for the opera, she answered, absently, her eyes wandering continually in the direction of the black hunter and his Herculean rider. And by this time the black hunter reached the side of her carriage—Mr. Renshawe was not the man to be kept away from the woman he loved by all the peers in the United Kingdom.

He rode up, lingering beside the handsome carriage as it rolled along, his hat raised, and his brown, curling hair blown about his massive brow. A handsome, genial, stalwart man was this young squire of Beechwood Hall, Durham.

Little Miss Ryhope blushed like an opening primrose, and gave him a shy, childish nod. He was an old, old friend of hers. Years before, when she was little more than a babe, he rode her down the Durham hills on his ledge of boughs, and climbed the great chestnut trees to shake down the shining brown nuts in her embroidered apron. And since those long-ago years he had loved her with all the devotion of a great, loyal nature.

"I shall call and see you, Miss Ryhope," he said, quietly, "if you will allow me."

Pretty May made no answer, and he rode on, smiling gravely; but Lord Shaftonsbury kept his place beside the carriage.

Meanwhile Lady Ryhope, lying on the silken couch in her dressing-room, with her nervous headache, and her jewelled perfume flask, arose to a sitting posture the moment the roll of carriage wheels died away on the drive below.

Her face was worn and haggard, and her bright blue eyes had a hard, glassy look. She looked like a woman who was gradually growing in wickedness and cruelty.

"I wonder where Eustace is," she muttered.

"If he should chance to meet that bold creature in the park the chances are that he'll desert Lady Mary and fly to her on the spot. His infatuation grows every hour he lives. I must get her out of my house. The duchess was right—'tis a dangerous experiment. I wish I were rid of her altogether. That she, a beggar—a pauper—should come between me and—"

She broke off with a half-sob, and that awful, stealthy expression crept to her face. She put her hand to her bosom and drew out a small metallic box.

"It did me good service once," she murmured, shuddering in spite of herself, "why not again? I won't let all I have done go for naught," she added, with a strange, passionate vehemence; "a great crime is no worse than a small one. I can't give it up!"

She hid the box away again, and, wrapping a shawl about her, left her apartment, shutting and locking the door behind her.

She crossed the corridor, and proceeded to the chamber in which Daisy slept. The door stood half open, and the door of the dressing-room adjoining was open also.

The baronet's wife entered and proceeded very quietly to look herself within.

Then she sat down on a small couch and looked quietly about her.

Daisy's garments and simple adornments were strewn about in every direction: a bright-coloured dressing-gown in one place, a pair of tiny slippers in another, a knot of scarlet ribbon here, a faded blossom there.

"I wonder if she can have taken it away with her," muttered Lady Laura as she proceeded to search the pocket of the gay wrapper.

But she searched in vain. There was no trace of the letter anywhere.

But presently her eye fell on the little writing-desk, half concealed by a mantle that had been thrown across it.

It was looked, but the key had not been removed.

Lady Laura's eyes flashed with sudden triumph as she proceeded to unlock it and examine its contents.

The very first packet her hand touched was the letter for which she searched.

She took possession of it with a long-drawn breath, and, seating herself, tore the thickly written sheet from its envelope.

Her suspense and conjecture would end now. She would know what all this clandestine correspondence portended.

She read the letter eagerly, and while she read every vestige of colour forsook cheek and lip. "He uttered a startled cry."

Lady Clanronald!

Great Heavens! this wondrously beautiful girl was a lady, highborn and titled like herself. There was no conjecturing what she might do, or whom she might win.

If a poisoned blade had pierced Lady Ryhope's heart it could not have indicted a keener wound than did this knowledge.

Her eyes glared with bitter hate and jealousy, and she clenched her white hands till her delicate nails grew purple.

"But she shall not stand between me and the man I love," she muttered, in a hoarse voice; "she shall not! I will not be thwarted and defeated!"

She sat for a while brooding in sullen silence, and then she drew out the little silver-white box again and turned it over in her fingers.

"I wonder if that hideous creature is the arch-fiend himself," she soliloquized, with a ghastly smile, "to put this terrible temptation in my hands. But for him I should never have—"

She stopped short, gasping for breath and glancing about the room with distended eyes, as if she looked to see some awful apparition rise up before her.

But only the April winds stirred the silken drapery, and the roar and swell of London life beat on the streets below.

My lady grew calm again.

"If I am in league with the evil one," she continued, with that same ghastly, chilling smile, "and I really begin to believe I am, I may as well have the full benefit of his help. I can't do much worse than I have done! Great Heaven! who would have thought that the daughter of a Povensey would ever come to this!"

She laughed a mocking, unnatural laugh that filled the room with strange echoes. Then she arose, the silver box still in her hand, and began to wander restlessly about the apartment, peering into toilet bottles and perfume flasks. But all at once a sudden thought arrested her.

"No, not now," she muttered, "she will go to Lady Clydesdale's—she will go and meet him. I must hear his conditions first, and then—ah, then—my revenge will come."

She turned to the little writing-desk and put the letter where she had found it; then, letting herself out, returned to her own apartments and rang the bell for Tulip.

CHAPTER XXVI.

"How I wish you could go to the ball too, Daisy. I don't care to go at all without you."

Little Miss Ryhope, who with all her blue blood and high position was nothing more than a pretty, chirruping, loving-hearted woman, turned from the great mirror in which she had been surveying her own dainty figure, and faced Miss Doon, her companion, with this very absurd remark. Daisy smiled and looked pleased. She liked to be thought of and cared for.

"Nothing would please me more than to go," she said, curtly; "but 'tis out of the question, Miss Ryhope. I'm quite convinced that the duchess would not welcome me."

May shrugged the white shoulders that gleamed beneath her tulle overdress and pouted childishly.

"The duchess! No, I suppose not," she replied; "she and mamma are as like as two peas. What's the use of so much fussing over one's position? If one chances to be born a peeress it wouldn't change things at all to be civil to those who didn't fall to the same good fortune! When I get established," nodding her curly head with grave importance, "I mean to start a reform—I shall invite whoever I like to my entertainments, no matter whether prince or peasant."

"Then I shall get a chance to dance at Beechwood Hall," suggested Daisy, wickedly.

Miss Ryhope's fair face flushed like a rose.

"Oh, nonsense," she returned; "who's talking of Beechwood Hall? But I mean what I say. Now why can't you go to the ball to-night as well as I? And you are so beautiful and would enjoy it so! Oh, Daisy, if ever I do become my own mistress you shall have a chance to enjoy yourself, indeed you shall."

Daisy put her arm around the little creature's neck and kissed her with tears shining in her black eyes.

"Very well," she said, "I shall remind you of your promise," adding, with emotion, "you have always been my best friend, dear May, and I shall never, never cease to love you. But there's the carriage below, and I hear Lady Ryhope's bell. You are quite ready, I believe?"

"Quite ready," responded Miss Ryhope, catching up her fan and bouquet, and then, gleaming in the laces and jewels, she went down to the drawing-room where her mother awaited her, to be whirled away, and presented to the gay London world; and at that self-same moment poor Jobahad sat in his one small apartment, white and pale from incessant labour, with that pretty, childish face before his wistful, dreaming eyes.



[DAISY'S DISGUISE.]

What a riddle this life is!

Daisy went straight to her own apartment and sat down, her slender brown hands folded, her black brows knit in sober thought. After all, she had not told Ichabod! His face was so worn and wan when he came to visit her, he looked so weak and overworked, that she made up her mind to fight her battle alone. She had always shielded Ichabod! When the way was clear, when she could tell him that he was Lord of Clanronald, without an obstruction in his path, she would speak! There would be nothing gained by harassing his poor mind with doubt and anxiety.

But she must go to Lady Clydesdale's ball, and meet Lord Raeburn. She must know his conditions, what it was that stood between her and the heritage that belonged to her.

For an hour perhaps she sat thinking; she was shy and modest, and shrank from forcing her way into the grand assembly at Clydesdale Place. But it had to be done, for Ichabod's sake as well as her own.

She arose at last with a red spot on each dusky cheek, and a sparkling light in her black eyes, and rang the bell. A page answered the summons.

"Send Matihl," commanded Daisy.

In five minutes the French maid appeared.

"Matihl," began Daisy, quietly, taking a piece of gold from her pocket and laying it on the table, "I have occasion to go out to-night to a place where I do not wish to be recognized. I want a disguise of some sort. You understand such things, don't you? Can't you get me up a masquerade toilet? There is your reward if you will."

Matihl's bead-black eyes glanced greedily at the gold piece, and then she uttered a short cry of rapture. Not since she left dear old Paris had such a rare bit of fun been offered her. She had a passion for secrecy and intrigue.

"One minute, ma'mselle," she ejaculated, darting from the room.

She returned presently from her own room her arms heaped with a load of promiscuous articles.

"If ma'mselle won't take offence?" she said, depositing them on the carpet, and proceeding to extricate a flowing wig of curling blonde hair.

Daisy bounded to her feet in delight, beginning to feel a romantic interest in the part she had to play.

"No, indeed, I'll not take offence," she replied, "but I'll be ever so much indebted to you. Be quick, please, I've no time to lose."

Matihl went to work in earnest, her eyes scintillating with a French woman's keen enjoyment, and in ten minutes Daisy was metamorphosed beyond all chance of recognition.

Her black locks brushed far back, and the curling, blonde wig substituted in their place, gave her brilliant, dusky face a totally different aspect. She wore a nun's garb, black and long, and a black domino and half-mask; and a huge ivory crucifix hung suspended from her girdle.

"Now let ma'mselle look and see if she knows herself," cried Matihl, in an ecstasy, when the toilet was complete.

Daisy turned to the great mirror, and started back with a cry of surprise. Could that slim and solemn nun, with her black robes, and white, washed-out hair, be Daisy Doon! Her very eyes seemed changed in their expression. She shuddered at first, and then she broke into a laugh.

"No," she said, "I never should have recognized myself. You understand your art to perfection, Matihl, and it suits me admirably. Here is your reward," pushing the piece of gold toward her; "but you must keep my secret, Matihl—no one must know of this."

Matihl shrugged and nodded and gesticulated in a most convincing manner.

"Very well," responded Daisy. "Now you must run down and let me out, and in an hour I shall be back again. You must watch for me, Matihl."

The French girl nodded again as they descended the broad staircase and passed through a side entrance to the street.

London, with its myriad gas-lights glimmering in the purple April night, lay before them, and the rush and roar of surging humanity came hoarsely to their ears. Daisy drew back, awed and bewildered. She had never in all her young life been alone at night in a great city.

The French girl, divining her hesitation, flew to her relief.

"I must call a hansom for you, mademoiselle," she said; "that's the safest plan."

And, suiting the action to the word, she ran forward a step or two, and signalled to one that chanced to be passing. It drew up immediately before the side gate, which opened into Lady Ryhope's magnificent garden. Daisy clambered in.

"What place, miss?" asked the driver, flourishing his whip and glancing keenly at the stately nun.

"To Clydesdale House," responded Daisy, with her heart in her mouth.

And away rattled the hansom at a furious rate, while Matihl stood and watched it out of sight, with a malicious sparkle in her bead-black eyes. And while she stood, from under the covert of a great flowering laburnum a tall figure came out into the glimmer of the gas-lights.

"Stop!" he commanded, sternly, seizing the girl's

arm, as she was on the point of escaping; "do not stir an inch at your peril."

Matihl turned when she found that flight was impossible, and stood face to face with Sir Eustace.

His face was flushed, and his eyes had an excited look that half frightened Matihl.

"Why, Sir Eustace," she gasped, "I thought you had gone to the ball."

"Never mind your thoughts," replied the young baronet, sternly; "I want an explanation of your actions. What intriguing is this you're up to in Lady Ryhope's absence? Where has Miss Doon gone in that masquerading costume?"

Matihl shut her thin lips tight. She would not betray the girl unless her own interest demanded it. And her own interest did demand it.

"Where has she gone? I saw you call the hansom. Speak this instant or you leave this house before sunrise!" continued the young baronet.

"To Clydesdale House," answered the French girl, promptly.

"What for?"

"That I don't know, Sir Eustace; she only asked me to help to disguise herself, and I heard her tell the man to drive to Clydesdale House."

Sir Eustace turned on his heel and strode out amid the flaring gas-lights.

He was all dressed for the ball, and had only lingered, after the departure of his mother and sister, hoping to get an interview with Daisy. He had not had a chance to speak in private with her for an age, and her wondrous beauty, the day she drove with May in the park, had fired the young baronet's heart afresh.

He was striding up and down the cool garden paths, smoking his Manilla, and watching the window of Daisy's apartment, when she and Matihl stole out at the side gate.

Sir Eustace recognized her perfect figure in an instant, disguised as it was in its nun's habiliments, and his curiosity was instantly aroused.

He must find out what this masquerading meant.

"I wonder if she's going to meet some fellow!" he muttered to himself, striding down the thronged street, with his hat pulled low down over his fierce brows. "I'll know, and if she has," the cords swelling out upon his temples, "I'll kill them both! She's mine, and no man living shall come between us."

He stopped at the corner, and, hailing a hansom, sprang in and ordered the driver to drive to Clydesdale House.

(To be continued.)



[ENTRAPPED.]

FATE.

By the Author of "Nickleboy's Christmas-Box,"
"Maurice Durant," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XV.

This is the sum and substance of this villany.
And now for flight.

To say that the Baron Moniporte had forgotten his adoration of Lady Melville would be saying too much, but it was very certain that the great affair of the Venetian loan had for awhile made him less sensible of that lady's beauty and bewitching charms.

The baron had two gods, his money and his stomach. Even that emotion which he was pleased to dignify by the name of love was connected with that organ, for one of his reasons for desiring her ladyship in marriage was the knowledge that she would add to the elegance and splendour of his dinner-table by consenting to adorn it in the position of hostess and Lady Baroness de Moniporte.

For a long time the baron had given way to despair, for, much to his surprise, remembering how abjectly the world of fashion knelt at his shrine, the beautiful Lady Melville had treated him with scornful, high-bred indifference that nearly bordered upon contempt.

It was while suffering from these pangs of disappointment that the wealthy Israelite had dined with Lord Harcourt, and, like most persons suffering from the same disease, being anxious for a confidant, had poured the story of his unprosperous love into that impassable, immoveable peer's ears.

Strange to say, he found his lordship sympathetic, partly owing, perhaps, to the fact that he himself had an object in dining with the baron. The baron wanted Lady Melville, Lord Harcourt wanted money.

What passed between the two men of the world need not be related, but the baron from that hour found Lady Melville's manner wonderfully softened towards him, and Lord Harcourt did not look upon the sale of his estate as quite inevitable.

But, as we have said, the baron loved money better than all else, and had allowed his persecution of Lady Melville to slacken a little while the Venetian loan was pending, little guessing that the chevalier was vitally concerned in his love affair.

On the morning which Melchior had spoken of as his last day in England the baron sat in his padded chair awaiting a visit from the chevalier. This day had been named by the Venetian ambassador as the one on which the negotiations would be terminated, and the baron was in a state of suppressed excitement, his

fat, podgy hands rubbing each other unctuously, and his prominent eyes blinking avariciously.

As he always made it a point to impress his business visitors with a sense of his wealth and importance he wore as much jewellery as he could possibly carry. A magnificent set of brilliants sparkled on his shirt front, in which he had also stuck a scarf-pin of one huge emerald. His fingers were all ablaze with rubies, diamonds, and emeralds, and his wristbands were linked with large carbuncles.

Altogether he very much resembled a Hindoo god dressed for a festival, and thus prepared he opened the door at the summons of a knock to admit the chevalier.

Quietly dressed as usual the ambassador received the baron's anxious inquiries as to his health, and replied to them with calm courtliness, and taking the seat offered him commenced business by producing a legal-looking envelope.

The baron watched him with greedy eyes, totally unconscious of the deep surveillance he was under in return.

"Vell, vell,—how goes the business? Ish it all right? the deeds ready?"

"Yes, and lying in my bureau at the hotel. I should have brought them for your consideration had it not been for this letter, which I received this morning only."

"Vell, vell,—what is it?" asked the baron, trying in vain to conceal his impatience.

"A postponement, I am sorry to say. My instructors, my lord, command me to remain in statu quo for a few days, until they transmit definite orders."

"Do you mean to shay that they have thrown me over?" asked the alarmed capitalist.

This being just what the astute chevalier wanted he allowed a minute to pass without answering.

"Well, no, my dear baron, not exactly, but you see the case stands thus. I had given them two names, your own and another great capitalist's, who would no doubt be willing to grant the loan. Well, after seeing you I wrote to say that the amount would be found, and that I only waited orders to close. Since then they have studied over the matter, and may perhaps have heard something of the other source of supply. I say perhaps, for I don't know this, and as I am anxious that you should be the State's creditor I shall, with your permission, write again, communicating your readiness to find the specie, and at a slightly lower discount."

The baron nodded.

"I shree, I shree. Vell, vell, if it must be it must be. Say an eighth less, and close it. And now let

us have some vine. I vill give you a bottle of rare vine—oh, splendid! The Prince would give a thousand guineas a dozen for it. See!" and he rang the bell. "Thomas, a bottle of the Johannisberg."

"There now," as the footman brought it and placed it on the table, "you shall shay if you ever tasted anything like it," and he poured out a glass and waved his hand as an invitation.

The chevalier's eyes twinkled with a mocking leer over the rim of the elaborately cut glass, but the baron, wholly unsuspecting, lit a cigar and continued:

"Now to business again; when vill you vant the monesh?"

"This day week, my dear baron," said the chevalier. "This day week, and I must ask you to keep the affair as great a secret as hitherto till then."

"Certainly, certainly," said the baron. "This day week, eh? Vell, it shall be ready, and now, chevalier, what shall I offer you for your trouble? Come, come, we are men of the world," he continued, lifting up his hand to interrupt the chevalier, who seemed about to refuse the bribe with modesty.

"We are men of the world and we can't expect to do things for nothing! You take some trouble to get me this loan to your Shtate; I repay you with a little cheque. What shall I say? A thousand pounds?"

"Oh, my lord, you are too good!" replied the chevalier.

"No no," said the baron, waving his glistening hands in a fervour of generosity, fully believing that the ambassador was hanging back for a bribe. "You shall have the thousand pounds at once," and he drew out his cheque book.

Now was the chevalier's time, and he knew it.

"How can I thank you enough, my lord? With this proof of your friendship in my mind how can I do aught else than press your prior claim upon the consideration of my chiefs?"

"Jest so," chuckled the baron to himself. "I thought you only wanted a bribe, my fine fellow."

"But," said the chevalier, "if your lordship will give me such a token of your esteem I will venture to request another favour."

"What is it?" asked the baron, who feared some exorbitant demand and looked alarmed and sullen.

"A small matter only," said the chevalier, pleasantly. "The fact is I intended paying in an amount to a new account, and have a considerable sum in notes in my pocket-book; now if your lordship will give me a cheque for them—graciously including the princely present you offer me—it will be a convenience. You see, my dear baron, I am desirous of

the honour of paying in a large cheque drawn by the eminent Baron de Monipote.

"Hah, hah!" laughed the Israelite, not a little flattered by this compliment. "Give 'em confidence, eh! Hah! hah! Vell, all right. Where are the notes?"

"Here," said the chevalier, and he drew a pocket-book from his pocket and extracted a crisp roll.

"How much?" asked the baron.

"Three thousand," replied the chevalier.

"And all in fifties?" said the baron, rather astonished.

"Yes," said the chevalier, quickly. "I drew them so in deference to a wish of the bank. They like fifties."

"All right," said the baron, who would have been slightly suspicious had not the apparent shrewdness of the chevalier in bating down his interest and his avarice in angling for a bribe dissuaded him.

"All right; there is the cheque. Four thousand pounds."

"A thousand thanks," said the chevalier, turning over the valuable morsel of paper and slipping it into his pocket. "Have you heard anything of the valuable gems you were so unfortunate as to lose?" he asked, hat in hand.

"No," sighed the baron, piteously. "They are clean gone. The police cannot trace the thief at all. Why, didn't you lose some pearls?"

"Yes," said the chevalier, shrugging his shoulders. "Rare ones too. They were a present of his majesty, and I was sorely grieved. I did not know your London was so full of thieves."

"Hah!" groaned the baron. "It is a den of thieves. You in never safe. Who is to tell an honest man? And the deeds, my dear sir. When shall I see the deeds?"

"In three or four days," said the chevalier, anxious to be gone, and consulting his watch. "I am going out of town for a day or two but will return in time to go over the deeds. Good morning, my dear baron, good morning!" and with another courtly bow the Venetian cavalier left the presence chamber of the capitalist and escorted by the three flunkies got clear of the house.

A cabriolet was hailed at the end of the street and bidden to drive quickly to Oxford Circus.

Here the chevalier alighted, and, waiting till the discharged vehicle had got out of sight, engaged another to carry him in the opposite direction—namely, to the Bank.

Here the four thousand pound cheque was converted into good coin of the realm and the cabriolet ordered on to Bishopsgate Street.

The grim old house was reached as the clock struck ten and the chevalier entered the old panelled room with his watch in his hand.

The room was empty, and he looked round before calling Chi with a sharp, suspicious air.

The curtain which had screened the one side had been removed and the empty hamper and boxes were disclosed to view.

The old bureau had been emptied of its contents and stood beneath the window, upon the table was spread a cloth with a loaf of bread and some cheese lying upon it.

There were two plates, and Melchior caught up one and examined it.

"He has eaten nothing since yesterday," he murmured. "Chi!"

"I am here," said the youth, entering the room at the moment.

"Come, time flies," said Melchior; "eat, and quickly. If any one knock rap against the wall for me."

And snatching up a slice of bread he ran upstairs. A strange excitement, wonderfully strange to him, seemed to have possessed him, and as he entered the small room which served him for a sleeping-room he dashed towards the glass and grinned at it with a sardonic sort of triumph.

"Do I look so thoroughly honest, or is all the world a fool? Ha! ha! What will the baron say when he comes to change my pretty little pictures?"

And overcome, seemingly, by the picture which his question suggested he sat on the edge of the bed and gave way to a low, unnatural fit of laughing.

"But come, this won't do. Ten o'clock and no Mo, no Charlie yet. I am not dressed to play my new part either. Where are the clothes?"

And with a sudden return to his old quick, collected manner he commenced removing his cavalier costume and proceeded to don the garments of Dr. Ambrose.

In an almost incredibly short time his disguise was complete, and thrusting his late costume into a small bag which was already nearly filled with various articles he looked round the room, and then with a nod of farewell went out, closing the door after him.

In the room below Chi stood leaning against the table, his arms folded, his head drooped upon his breast.

The sudden re-entry of his master awakened him.

"Are we going?" he said, looking up.

"Yes," said Melchior. "It is nearly finished. We await now only for the last two stones and the edifice will be complete. Hush, here comes one! Give me that cloak—quick!"

Chi reached the long black cloak from a chair and handed it to him.

Melchior wrapped it round him and stole on tip-toe to the door.

There came a timid knock, and before it could be repeated the cloaked figure opened the door and with a sharp pull dragged the Jew, for it was he, into the room.

"Not a word!" he said, sternly, as Moses, alarmed by the sudden attack, was about to speak. "Who followed you? Speak, quick!"

"No one, except me Moses!" instantly replied the Jew. "What is the matter?"

"Nothing," said Melchior, with a commanding nod, still standing near the door, his cloak wrapped round him with one hand, the left concealed beneath its spacious folds.

"How were the diamonds?"

"Here," said the Jew, trembling and fumbling about his breast.

"Quick!" said Melchior, sternly, "not a moment is to be lost. Lay it on the table," he added, as the Jew drew a bag from his bosom and clutched it as if loath to part with it.

Melchior, not waiting to have his command obeyed, snatched it from his hand and thrust it into his own pocket.

The Jew vainly endeavoured to conceal his alarm, and stood rubbing his hands, trying to look at his own.

"There they are, my dear," he crooned, "three thousand pounds' worth. Quite a little fortune, eh, my dear?"

"Silence!" said Melchior, eying him fiercely, and then turning with an attentive ear to the door.

Some other ascending footsteps he heard, then another knock at the door.

Once more the door was opened and the visitor pulled in.

"What the fiend is the matter?" growled the new comer. "What's up, Melchior?"

"Nothing," replied that gentleman, sliding the heavy bolts into the thick door and walking to the table with a firm step. "You are late. Where is the money?"

"Here. But you don't seem to be over-pleased in your welcome," said Charley, sulkily. "You might be a little civil, I think, after all we've done. A man don't care to risk his neck for nothing, and hardwards into the bargain—eh, Mo?" and he turned upon the Jew, who stood looking cunningly round, uneasily conscious of Melchior's piercing gaze.

"Give me the money," repeated Melchior, holding out his hand, "and let us have the grumbling after. Quick! I have no time to waste."

"So it seems," sneered the younger rascal, glancing round the almost empty room. "Completing a move, eh, Mister Melchior. All the goods gone on before, boy ready for a trip, and you quite a travelling gent—"

"Another word," said Melchior, shifting his hand under the cloak, "and you will have made your last move, Charley. I ask you for the money."

"Here it is, confound you!" retorted the other, flinging a roll of notes upon the table and thrusting his hands into his pockets.

Melchior caught the notes and examined them, then, slipping them into his pocket, he said, sternly, keeping his eyes fixed on the pair, who had moved a little closer together and seemed uneasy and disquieted by their strange reception:

"So, my friends, you thought to snare the fox, bait, and all! You two paltry, muddle-headed idiots hoped to do what a dozen clever men have failed in—lay me by the heels! You miserable, shortsighted curs! Did you think I would trust you any farther than I could see? Did you think I would run into such an idiot's trap as that? Why, you miserable traitors, I knew you would play false to me, and I know that you would serve me by playing false to each other. You weak-headed, vain-hearted lunatics, look at that old villain there. Did you dream that he would let you gain the plunder? And you, hoary-headed gallows-bird! did you cheat yourself into the belief that the cur would stand idle while you got the money? Maniacs both! You sold me, but you have sold each other!"

As he finished, flashing upon them the almost regal scorn of his dark, daring eyes the two traitors turned upon each other like wild animals.

"What!" shrieked the Jew, throwing up his hands, "have you—"

The other interrupted him with a fearful imprecation.

"So you were beforehand with me, were you?" he

cried, savagely. "Well, the game's up, Melchior, quite up. Listen! Here they come!" and with a savage laugh he sprang to the door.

But Melchior was too quick for him. He too had heard the sound of approaching footsteps, and before they could reach the speaker's ear.

With a something betwixt a cry of rage and warning he leapt to the door, and with a low, hissed "Not a word!" covered the two shrinking traitors with his revolver.

In another minute there was the tramp of a body of men upon the landing, and immediately after the sharp rap of a pistol upon the oaken door.

"Open, in the king's name!"

Melchior, still answering the two men, looked round at Chi, who, pale and trembling, stood watching the awful scene.

At that moment, taking advantage of his shifting gaze, Charley made a dash; but Melchior raised his right hand and struck him full in the face. The blow was a severe one and felled him like an ox.

The Jew, with a most fearful shriek, fell on his knees.

The knocking on the door continued, heightened by the sound of still louder cries from below.

Melchior, with another look at the thick bolt, sprang toward Chi.

"Come," he said, in an excited underbreath.

But the boy would not move.

"Come," said Melchior. "Quick! There is not a moment to lose."

But the boy about his head and merely pointed to the Jew, who, still uttering the most terrified screams, was crawling to the door at which Charley was already fumbling, the blood pouring down his face preventing him from seeing the bolt distinctly.

"Tough the bolt at your peril! Stand back!" shouted Melchior, for the first time.

At the sound of his voice the constables outside aimed a terrible blow at the door, shouting:

"There he is! Open the door in the king's name!"

Charlie uttered a cry of triumph and, with his hand on the bolt, turned to shout to Melchior:

"Hah! hah! trapped after all, Mr. Fox!"

But before he could withdraw the bolt a report rang out and he fell full length like a stone.

The next instant there was another sharp clang and the ragged figure of the Jew fell in a heap to the ground.

Then with the smoking pistol in his hand the assassin caught the shrinking, terrified youth by the arm and dragged him to the secret panel.

For a moment the youth seemed frozen, but the next he shrieked:

"Murder! Murder!"

And struggled with a gesture of horror from the strong grasp.

Melchior uttered an oath.

"You idiot!" he exclaimed. "Their blood was upon their own heads—I aimed at the bolt; if they had not been there—Come! I say, come or by Heaven—"

And he raised the revolver.

But Chi, undaunted, continued to struggle, and, as he heard the loud crashing of some heavy instrument upon the door, redoubled his shrieks.

Melchior, glancing at the door, dropped the pistol and literally picking Chi up in his arms threw him down beside the panel.

Then with his knee upon his chest he found the secret spring, and forcing the lid through the opening followed after.

The secret panel closed noiselessly behind them at the very moment the door gave way and a crowd of constables dashed into the room.

CHAPTER XVI.

Ripened by the breath of passing summers
She grew from girl to woman,
Most beautiful in both.

THREE years have flown, bearing on their great broad backs the usual amount of joy and sorrow, prosperity and misfortune.

Middle-aged people have made three distinct steps towards the downward journey, elderly ones have crawled still nearer the abyss towards which all men's steps are bent.

The average amount of casualties, extraordinary events, crimes and romances have come to pass, have passed and are forgotten.

Nearly forgotten or quite is that nine-days' wonder excited by the great bank-note forgeries, the marvellous escape of the forger and the murder of his two accomplices which he effected in the moment of his disappearance.

For months afterwards the world was full of curiosity and eager interest concerning the great crime and the greater criminal. The papers were unctuous in their descriptions of the manner in which the fraud and the murders were committed and the

appearance and numerous disguises of the wonderful and daring individual who had so successfully perpetrated them.

Enormous rewards had been offered for his capture, and detectives with noses like bloodhounds and the acuteness of weasels had been spurred to extraordinary exertions, but not only could they find no trace of the man's whereabouts but they were baffled in a remarkable degree in their efforts to make out a clear history of his past life and former exploits.

That he had assumed a hundred disguises and passed under as many aliases was well known.

His last appearance in the character of the Venetian chevalier had been the closing of a long series of shifting impersonations. What his present one was or whether he was in the country or out of it the wise-headed, hawk-eyed detectives could not say.

Sufficient that the Baron de Moniporre had lost a considerable sum in hard cash, several valuable gems and his character for cautious astuteness; that the Duchess of Sparkleton had likewise been victimized to the extent of some precious gems, and that Lady Melville had not escaped the black mail. But of the particulars of the last-mentioned lady's losses the officials could get little information, for a few days after the exposure and flight of the criminal her ladyship had left town for the benefit of her health and was travelling few knew where.

All this we say was nearly forgotten and the world was gleaming, flickering and blinking with lazy contentment in the hot July sun as if forger, killing, marrying and giving in marriage, with all the other little lots which go to make up the insignificant sum of life, were things of no existence.

It was hot in London and exasperating. It was hot at Riverhall, but delicious. For there towered the tall, shelter-and-shade giving oaks, and there ran the ever-singing river to cool the air and soothe the troubled, weary spirit.

Not that the spirits lying in a dazzling cloud of white muslin and soft-tinted drapery under the shelter of the old oak tree on its banks required soothing, for the voice of Lillian Melville was set to a happy, blithe tune, and the responding one of her companion, Miss Lucas, was, though quiet, not troubled.

Lillian Melville had grown into the fulfilment of her girlhood's promise, and was a beautiful woman—too beautiful, some said, for her own and men's peace.

The quick, expressive, delicate outline of the girl had grown into a lovely, eloquent-eyed woman, with a voice that thrilled one to the core, and eyes that left visions of themselves to haunt dreamful nights. None ever spoke to Lillian Melville and forgot her. Few of the male sex ever looked in the depths of those dark, melting eyes but remembered them too well—too well, for, though no flirt, Lillian could not but inspire love, and all who had yet ventured to proclaim it in their manner—none had dared to more definitely—learned that behind the beautiful face lay a heart not easy to woo nor lightly to be won.

"And so you think, Kate, that it is nearly dressing time? I wonder how you know. Do you tell by the sun or by your appetite? The afternoon has melted away—yes, that is the word—melted, dissolved, and mingled with the air in such an insensible, intangible way that time has had no sense or being for me."

"There!" she added, laughing lightly. "There, was not that prettily expressed? Quite Schillerish, quite Katschish. Did it not do your heart good? It should, for I believe, really, I learnt it from you, you dear, tormenting creature."

"You have learnt very few things of me, Lily," replied Miss Lucas, raising her cold, expressionless eyes for a moment to the sweet, laughing face before her, then dropping them again to the needle-work in her hands—the hands that were never idle, never empty.

To have seen Miss Lucas without the long, thin strip of embroidery, that was always in progress but never appeared in its finished or utilizable state, would have been as curious a sight as two moons.

"Oh, that's not just, it is cruel," retorted the other. "What rather have I not learnt, dear Kate? What was I but an ignorant, untutored savage of the deepest, darkest dye, when, three years since, you came like a simple—no, not simple—earnest missionary, to reclaim, teach, and civilize me?"

Again the pale, set face was lifted, and again dropped.

"One thing I shall never succeed in teaching you, Lillian, and that is to moderate the wild way of talking you seem to have acquired. Do you never think seriously of the effect such random speech must have on strange ears?"

"Yes!" laughed the pupil, undaunted by her companion's gravity. "Yes, often; but, Kate, try as I will to bridle my tongue, I am compelled to acknowledge that, if thought is always free, speech is sometimes. Oh, don't be angry—no, you never are that, though; but I shall never forget the good old duke's look of unmitigated horror when I told him that the

poor man who had so grievously offended him by delivering a lecture on man's rights near his palace was a man and a brother! Kate, though they all looked so shocked, and poor papa grew red and fidgeted with his napkin, they knew it was true, they were not moved a hair's breadth at the duke calling the man a scoundrel and a low, Radical rascal. But there, Kate, I was sorry, I couldn't help it. It came out before I knew what I had said, and—"

Here the girl broke off into a low ripple of laughing music.

Miss Lucas shook her head. "It was wrong," she said, with the same inflexible, unchanging voice. "The Duke of Sparkleton is a great nobleman, too old to be censured by one so young and inexperienced, least of all by a girl."

"There, now," said the girl, pouting, "that is always the way you crush me, Kate. I am not a girl, not in your sense of the word. Why, do you know how old I am?" she exclaimed, opening her beautiful eyes with deep gravity.

"Not twenty," replied her companion, looking at the face, which, in its expression of sudden, calm earnestness, was shadowed by a look of pride.

"Well, is not that old? Another ten, thirty; that is very old; another ten, forty, and that is very, very old for a woman. Twenty," she repeated, in a lower tone, and with a wistful gaze fixed on the river.

"Twenty! it seems a long life twenty years, yet how short. Why, Kate," turning with a resumption of gravity, "I have not begun to live yet, I confess. Some girls at twenty have gone through a world of things—run up the gamut of the emotions—have loved, hated, joyed, sorrowed! Now I—well, my life has been one pleasant sunny dream, with the old hall there for a sleep-palace, and dear, dear papa as a guardian to keep the wasps and hornets from waking me."

The fixed eyes were raised again, this time with a concentrated regard that was neither one of love, hate nor curiosity, simply concentrated and expressionless, as if the orbs were of glass, masking the real, seeing eyes looking through them.

"A dream, Lillian; have you never thought of the awakening?"

"Never," replied the girl, looking dreamily out upon the river again. "I do not know what you mean. What awakening could there be? I am content to sleep on, unlike the princess in the story who was called to life and love by a strange knight's embrace."

The governess looked at the rapt face of the speaker and commenced rolling up the piece of embroidery. "Come," she said, "I hear the church clock chiming five. We must go."

"Must we? I do not hear it striking. What ears you have, Kate. I think you see farther and hear quicker than most people. Papa thinks so too."

The set face twitched with a slight appearance of interest.

"Sir Ralph is always generous in over-rating my poor abilities," said the thin, compressed lips.

Lillian laughed.

"You are ever grateful for a very little praise, Kate," she said, putting her arm within her companion's, affectionately. "I wish I were as good and quiet and as clever as you; poor papa would then feel proud of me."

"Never wish for things too easy of attainment," was the calm reply. "I am not good, not clever, Lillian, and if I am quiet that is because—"

"Well?" said Lillian, seeing her hesitate, and looking up into the mask-like face, but with no expectation of seeing aught there.

"Because one who has the charge of a young girl like you, Lillian, should be quiet and watchful."

"Ah, well, you are best as you are, perhaps," replied the girl. "I shall never lose my light-heartedness and random talk; and you, Kate, I suppose will as grimly cling to your gravity and reserve."

The companion made no reply, and the strangely contrasted pair walked slowly towards the house in a silence that was broken by Lillian's suddenly exclaiming:

"Look, Kate, there is papa!" and, disengaging herself, she hurried towards Sir Ralph, who, with leisurely, stately pace, was approaching them.

He bent to kiss her, with the old look of tenderness and his voice, as of old, softened, when he spoke.

"Well, Lily, are you not roasted? It is almost too hot for you out in the open."

Lillian, with her arm around him, laughed, but before she could reply they had reached Miss Lucas, to whom the baronet courteously raised his hat, and that lady answered:

"We have been seated in the shade, Sir Ralph; I do not think it was too hot for Miss Lillian."

Sir Ralph bowed to the calmly spoken decision, as had grown to be the custom with him, in regard to most of Miss Lucas's opinions.

"That is right then; I feared Lillian had been alone and indiscreet enough to rest in the sun."

"Well, papa, it would not have melted me. I am not a wax doll!" laughed Miss Lillian up at him; she was wont to smile at his over regard for safety and minor comforts, and sometimes to rebel against the extreme, the too anxious consideration which Sir Ralph would show for her fickle whims and wishes.

"You spoil me, papa," she said often, and sometimes sadly.

"But others than a wax doll have complexions," said Miss Lucas, serenely.

"And only a wax doll should be so vain and silly as to worry about it!" retorted Lillian, gaily. "But, there, papa, I am not melted, and, Kate, my complexion is not ruined, so no harm is done. And you are coming down to see the river, papa? I have plenty of time before dressing."

"Certainly, my dear," said Sir Ralph, "but," turning to the governess, who was going towards the house, "I want to tell you something which Miss Lucas should hear. Shall I detain you, Miss Lucas?"

"No, Sir Ralph," replied the governess, turning back and walking by their side, calmly and sedately, ready for the communication.

"You remember," said Sir Ralph, to Lillian, "expressing a wish to learn Italian, Lily?"

"Yes, a long while ago though, papa."

"Do you mean that you do not care to learn now?" asked Sir Ralph, placidly, too well accustomed to the vacillation of his beloved daughter's whims to feel surprised.

"No, no, I do want to still, dear papa," she replied, "but I mean that it was good of you to remember it," and she stroked the hand which lay in hers.

"Well," said Sir Ralph, "I might not have done so, my dear, perhaps, had it not been brought to my remembrance by Packer."

"By Packer. How?" asked Lillian.

"I happened to be speaking of a deed which he had brought me for a signature and praising the clear and legible way in which it was engrossed. He replied that it was rather extraordinary that it should be so well copied, for that it was the work of a young man unacquainted with that kind of legal work. And then, being on the subject I suppose, proceeded to tell me that the young man was an extremely clever and deserving person. He is an Italian it seems—I don't think Packer said that he was, by-the-by—but from the fact of his speaking Italian and being dark and evidently a foreigner I judge him to be. He has been two years in England, getting what employment he could and living very steadily and respectably. Packer, who seems rather interested in him, as far as it is possible for so practical a man as Packer to be—not that I value Mr. Packer's estimable qualities unfairly," he added, for Miss Lucas's benefit—"tells me that he is without relations of any kind and that save for Mr. Packer himself has no friends. While he was asking me if I could find some sort of employment on the estate for his protégé it struck me that you might still like to learn Italian, and as of course it would be necessary for the young person to possess the—the—ahem—to be a gentleman, to occupy the post of tutor and reside in the house, I asked some questions of Packer on that point. He tells me—turning again to the silent but attentive companion as if this portion of the business was more for her consideration—"he tells me that the young fellow is a gentleman, but strangely mannered, that he is saturnine and extremely reserved—very unwilling to hold any unnecessary conversation and peculiarly thoughtful."

The companion inclined her head.

"That, Sir Ralph, seems to weigh in his favour," she replied.

"Just so, just so. Well, what do you think, my dear?" he asked.

"How can I answer before I have seen him? If he is what Mr. Packer's description makes him I am afraid, papa, he would be very disagreeable, and I should not learn much Italian or anything else, you know!"

"Tut, tut," said Sir Ralph; "a man may be quiet and—plain without being disagreeable, child."

"Plain, oh, papa, I know, I see him in my mind's eye! A very short, stumpy young man with yellow eyes, a hideous moustache, long, lank hair, with a squeaky voice and a manner composed of ridiculous gestures and overdone politeness."

Sir Ralph laughed.

"A pretty picture indeed. Truly, I hope not. No, that is the absurd Italian music-fellow you saw at the concert, Lily. As well take old Grimes the gardener as a type of all the Englishmen. No, evidently from what Packer says, this young man is a gentleman. For the rest you will have an opportunity of judging, for Packer will bring him down with him tonight that I may see him."

The pale face was raised quickly.

"You will engage him, Sir Ralph, if you approve of him?"

Sir Ralph nodded.

"That shall be for Lily to decide," he said, smiling quietly. "It would be of little use, I fear, if she pronounced him disagreeable. You see no objection, Miss Lucas?" he added.

"No," the thin lips replied. No objection if Sir Ralph saw fit to engage the young person.

"Well, then, we must turn back," said Lillian, "or I shall keep the dinner waiting and make Palmer angry."

And with a smile the spoiled beauty drew the doting father towards the house.

The Rivershall dinner hour was six, and exactly as the great hall clock struck the hour the gong was beaten.

Lillian, bewitchingly beautiful, in a shimmering evening dress of silk and lace, Miss Lucas in a sober black unrelieved save by the white collar were in the drawing-room. Sir Ralph, the punctual, entered as the gong rang out, watch in hand.

"Dinner, sir," announced a footman.

"Has Mr. Packer arrived?" asked Sir Ralph.

"No," replied the footman.

Sir Ralph, who waited for no one excepting his daughter, gave her his arm and followed by the companion led the way into the dining-room.

"It is remarkable that Packer should not have arrived," he said, with stately surprise. "He is seldom unpunctual."

"Perhaps his young friend detained him," suggested the companion, in her colourless way.

Sir Ralph frowned.

"That's scarcely likely," said Sir Ralph, ladling the soup. "I am wrong in my estimate of Mr. Packer if he would be betrayed into breaking his appointment by a third person."

"Hark! there are carriage wheels," said Lillian, listening.

"Yes, and the hall door."

"Mr. Packer, sir, has arrived," said Palmer, after conferring with a footman.

"Will you tell Mr. Packer, please, that dinner is served?" said Sir Ralph, rather sternly,

(To be continued.)

THE OCEAN.

ACCURATELY speaking, the ocean has no physical power; but it is a great link by which the forces of the Moon may be, as it were, attached to old Mother Earth, and be made to aid at her bidding. The great tidal wave, which, beneath the influences (principally) of the Moon, is being constantly heaped up at the equator, and thence pours forth its giant flood north and south to Arctic and Antarctic regions, is the product of a force (of attraction) to which the power of the water-mills and steam-engines of Great Britain must be as nothing.

See that tidal wave as, gathering itself together, it rushes with a mighty bound along the Severn or the Avon, or within the lochs of old Scotia! In a few minutes, and where all was dry and quiet there is a deep sea. Boats, ships, and vessels of all sizes and tonnage are borne up as mere bubbles by its power, and, dashing and crashing, it pursues its resistless way, and makes one think of the words of David, "Let the sea roar, and the fulness thereof!"

It seems a matter of regret that this enormous power is not made more use of by us. A few tidal mills, as far as we know, are the only mechanical uses which human ingenuity has made of this certain and tremendous force. It hurls our mightiest ships for us up into creek, and basin, and dock, and thankful indeed we ought to be for this enormous service; but why should not we make great use of it as a power to be mechanically applied? We would suggest that in many of our watering-places adjacent, the principle of the hydraulic ram might be applied on a large scale, with a rising tide, to raise sea-water to a height sufficient to supply the town or village with an abundance of sea-baths, or to run by its own gravity a mile or two to places convenient for the purpose. But tidal water mills seem to us capable of being used rather for the purposes of accumulating or storing power than for a direct application of it. Tidal water-wheels might be used either to "compress air," which could be applied as a motive power whenever (and almost wherever) required, or to force water to a considerable height on a rock or any other place, and used as a steady power afterwards by means of a turbine or water-wheel.

Every billow that falls on the shore of Great Britain alone must be about 1,000 miles long; its average force (and we are now speaking, as far as possible, irrespective of the great tidal force) must be equal to that of several horses' power per mile. Now why should not some of these enormous powers be made use of? Coal is becoming a precious mineral, river-power must increase in value considerably, and it

becomes us to look about and see where mechanical forces may be had. There are rivers in Ireland whose power still runs almost to waste; the winds of heaven could be rendered far more useful than they are.

THE ENCHANTED CASTLE.

My friend Templeton was a good companion, but subject to strange fits of abstraction, which greatly perplexed me. To question him during these seasons of mental withdrawal was to obtain monosyllables, dubious shakes of the head, and brief answers entirely foreign to the theme. I knew him when a boy; but our ways diverged, and I did not meet him again until years had elapsed. I found him at Bonn on the Rhine, inhabiting an ancient castle which had been bequeathed him by an eccentric friend. Our meeting was a chance affair, but a cordial and mutual pleasure.

"You must become my guest, and see my sister Alline," said Templeton.

"I remember Alline as a very little girl; she has doubtless become quite a Miss by this time," I replied.

"Yes," added Templeton, with a smile, "she has grown to be a large, awkward girl, but a very good creature, I believe, nevertheless."

We talked of our boyhood until we reached the castle.

"I live here," he resumed, "because it suits my feelings and inclinations, and because my friend desired I should. It is rather grim and time-worn; but it keeps off rain and storm, and is a very comfortable place on the whole. I have no ambition to resuscitate its former glories; I keep but two servants and spend less than my income."

"It is sombre and solemn; it should have a ghost history."

"There is a curious tradition connected with it, which I will tell you," returned my companion, gravely.

I answered that I should like to hear it, and we passed on across what had once been a drawbridge; but it had lost its former aspects and uses; the moat was filled with rubbish and overgrown with grape-vines. The court, though tidy, did not have a cheerful air. I followed Templeton through the ponderous door, which a servant opened at our approach. Traversing a large hall, and making several digressions to the right and left, we reached the apartment where he received his friends.

"The tradition is easily told; it is, that whoever dies here has the power of revisiting earth at pleasure," continued Templeton.

"Singular superstition!"

"And the disembodied ones can assume form and palpability," rejoined my friend.

"Possibly you can tell me some rare ghost stories—although I confess to a little wholesome scepticism in that sort of people. The fact is, Templeton, I'm afraid that after we die—"

An elegant young lady entered the room at that moment, dazzling me so much that I left my sentiment unfinished.

"Alline," said Templeton, "Alline, an old acquaintance of ours, Mr. —." Then to me he added, with a smile, "You see that she is all I represented her to be."

I said the first thing I could think of in my confusion, and was no doubt awkward, for I was much surprised.

Alline's loveliness was indeed notable. She carried with her too a prestige of inward beauty quite indescribable.

I shall not undertake to describe her person, for words would be a hollow mockery of her divine form. She intoxicated at a glance.

By degrees I recovered from my embarrassment and tried to look at something beside Alline Templeton.

I forgot the excuses I had intended to make, to avoid accepting the pressing invitation of my friend to make a long stay at the castle, the gloomy appearance of which had, at first, chilled me somewhat. I was sure I should be but too happy to protract my stay to an unreasonable length, if Alline was to be my companion.

The first time we were alone I accused Templeton of deception, because he had said Alline "had grown to be a large, awkward girl."

"It was a harmless deception at least," he replied.

"I perceived you had forgotten that a few years convert little romps into young ladies."

The afternoon and evening passed off agreeably; before the hour of retiring I felt quite at ease in the presence of Alline.

Her brother ushered me to my sleeping apartment up a winding staircase, through a long corridor, to the rear of the castle, and beneath one of the great towers.

It had an antique air, which would naturally dispose one to melancholy; and in the spirit of the times in which it was built was finished and furnished after the rudest style, with more regard for durability than elegance.

Pictures hung upon the wainscoted walls, dim and dirty with age, most of them representing warriors in armour; but among them were two female portraits, resembling each other enough to be mother and daughter.

There was but a single window, which was covered by an ample curtain faded with long use.

The bed was wide, constructed of massy material, with unique tapestry hangings suspended from the ceiling, adjusted so as to be raised or lowered at the occupant's pleasure by pulling a cord.

A clumsy oaken table stood near this patriarchal bed, over which hung a mirror of polished steel, rusty in spots, but still a rare relic of the olden time.

Pretty dames and lovely maidens had seen their fair images reflected upon its burnished surface.

The three or four chairs which the room contained were also of oak, ample in size.

"I hope," said Templeton, "that the gloominess of this chamber will not affect your dreams unpleasantly?"

"I think not. I am not much given to dreaming; besides, I am not superstitious," was my reply.

"All persons educated to believe in a religion of the ordeals are more or less superstitious; and you, my friend, and myself too, were reared under such a system. It is difficult to rid one's self of the old heaven entirely."

Templeton threw himself into a chair and relapsed into one of those fits of abstraction already referred to. I noticed his absent-mindedness, but did not disturb his reverie; I quietly laid off my garments and went to bed. In about ten minutes he aroused himself, looked around somewhat vacantly, arose, said "good night," and left the apartment with slow and thoughtful steps.

I gazed at the pictures a few moments and then extinguished the light. I did not sleep immediately, but was wakeful, thinking of the novelty of my situation and of Alline. My senses grew somnolent, slumber was about to overpower me, when the sound of music reached my ears.

I listened. It was the music of a violin skillfully played. The musician was in a distant chamber, and notes came to my hearing mellowed by the intervening space. I heard the violin a long time, and it was waiving a plaintive air, when I lost all consciousness of the outer world.

Awaking in the night, I heard persons walking about in the corridors, but I was too sleepy to notice particularly the circumstance.

I met my friends at the breakfast table, both in good spirits, Templeton particularly. Alline was like the lily just opening its petals to the sun—fresh, delicate and natural. I inquired who had produced the exquisite music I had heard in the early part of the night.

"The musician is present. I hope it did not disturb your rest," Alline replied, glancing at her brother.

I assured her the performance gave me great pleasure.

"My brother," added Alline, "has a strange passion for the violin."

"It keeps melancholy at a distance, and is an entirely innocent amusement, I believe," he rejoined.

"How long have you practised playing?" I asked.

"I received my first lesson from the former owner of this castle, five years ago. He was one of the best performers in Germany. Indeed it was his whole study to master the instrument."

"You have improved your time to good advantage," I remarked.

A singular smile appeared upon his lips for a moment, but he was silent.

"There is something divine in music. I think it is the gift of Heaven," I observed.

"In good music, yes; but in bad—ah, that comes from below," said Templeton, with a shrug of the shoulders.

"Bad music, as you term it, is the fault of the performer, not of the element of harmony itself."

"A just remark," he replied, and the conversation turned to other topics.

The day passed very agreeably. I was shown various objects of interest about the castle and grounds and entertained with legends of olden time, when the spacious halls rang to the clang of armour and the shouts of armed men. I retired much pleased with my visit and anxious to prolong it. I did not feel inclined to break away from the attractions of Alline. Her voice alone was a potent incantation to keep me near her; and her beauty added to the power of the spell.

From my first slumber I was again aroused by the notes of the violin rolling along the corridors mellifluously sweet. I enjoyed it rarely. Presently I heard another violin performing another part in the most perfect time. The harmony was unequalled.

"Knowing my fondness for music, he has doubtless invited a skilful player to assist him, in order to gratify me," I thought.

I had never heard such ravishing melody drawn from an instrument. There was one notable peculiarity about it—it was plaintive and sometimes solemn, but never quick and lively. While it delighted it thrilled and awed—it was apparently so much above common human effort. It charmed me to sleep once, and then I awoke and heard it still waiving forth its intense harmony. And it seemed to follow me even to the land of slumber with its sighing, moving melody.

"You gave a wondrous performance last night," I said to Templeton when I met him at the morning meal.

He appeared to be on the verge of one of his fits of abstraction; but, shaking off his dreaminess, replied that he was glad I enjoyed it, although he was fearful at the time that he should weary and annoy me.

"I could hear both instruments with marvellous distinctness. Your friend, whoever he may be, is certainly a wonderful performer," I remarked.

"Then you heard two violins also!" exclaimed Alline.

"To my great pleasure, yes."

I now noticed that Alline was quite pale and was looking anxiously at her brother, who gazed absently into his cup of coffee.

"You are quite sure there were two players?" she added.

"Without doubt."

"It is singular we should both fall into the same error," resumed Alline.

"Was my ear so much deceived?" I inquired.

"You know but little concerning the mysteries of the divine art, and are therefore easily deceived," said Templeton, with a smile.

Then he began to talk of other subjects in a manner so forced and unnatural that I at once perceived that the theme, for some singular reason, was one he did not wish to discuss.

Alline was visibly perplexed and disturbed, which her brother noticed, and made an effort to give an easy and cheerful tone to the conversation.

I could not divine why he should wish to evade a conclusion so obvious, and as it seemed to me undeniable, but I plainly comprehended that to pursue the matter at that time would annoy him. Alline did not refer to the circumstance again during the day.

Determined to solve my doubts should there be a recurrence of the phenomenon, I retired to my chamber at a late hour, but did not go to bed. I walked the apartment, examining everything antique within it. While passing to and fro I brushed against one of the largest-sized pictures, which hung near the floor; it fell, disclosing by its displacement a panel. This disclosure had very little interest for me at the moment, knowing that such contrivances were common in the age of mystery and intrigue that had passed.

Nearly simultaneously with this discovery I heard Templeton tuning his violin. Anon, he began to play, but evidently did not bring out the full tone of his instrument; doubtless he did not wish to be heard, and thus give rise to comment on the morrow.

Presently the violin I had heard the previous night struck up; I knew it was the same by its strange sweetness.

And now the music became wondrous.

I felt a strong desire to get nearer the performers, and, if possible, look upon them.

Unfortunately for my purpose, the door of my chamber could not be opened without producing a loud and discordant creaking, which would be likely to warn Templeton that I was not in bed.

But there was the recently discovered panel which I could doubtless push aside, and that perhaps might serve my object.

I immediately acted upon this thought, pressing upon the panel in various places, at first without satisfactory results, but ultimately with success. I then took the lamp from the table, and began my explorations.

Holding the light before me to see what I was to thrust myself upon, I entered the passage, which was sufficiently high for me to stand erect, and wide enough for two to walk abreast. I stepped along cautiously, and, much to my satisfaction, found I was drawing nearer to the players.

The passage was long, and wound to the left. I came at length to a wall that barred farther progress.

The musicians were in the room beyond; so that there was only a partition between us.

Had there previously been any reasonable doubt

relative to the number of performers, there was none now; the last shadow of uncertainty was dispelled.

The two instruments were as distinctly recognizable as anything which is entirely palpable.

I instantly extinguished my lamp, fearing its rays might find their way through some crevice and betray me.

It was well I did so, for without much searching I found a crack through which I could obtain a dim view of the apartment so full of divine melody.

But I could see neither of the performers; therefore with my knife I proceeded carefully to enlarge the crevice; and, upon applying my eyes after that improvement, could see Templeton plainly.

His face was pale, having a rapt and enthusiastic expression impossible to describe. His body was thrown forward a little, his eyes raised and fixed, apparently upon the other player, with deep intensity; while his viol, responding to his charmed touch, gave glorious interpretation of his feelings, which was thrillingly answered by the other instrument, the performer of which I was anxious to see.

Resorting once more to my pocket knife, I soon increased the size of the crack as much as I thought needful. I looked through, and, though I could command the whole room, saw Templeton only; while at the same time, as if to mock my astonishment, the melody of the accompanying instrument poured forth more ravishing strains, rising, falling, wailing, sighing, moaning, warbling, with silvery sweetness.

A strange awe crept upon me; the tones thrilled to my soul; the music was unearthly, the performer invisible! No mortal hand, was vibrating the mystic strings. I began to feel the spell that was upon Templeton. A delightful intoxication seized my senses. I was in the element of melody, and experienced a calm yet rapturous pleasure to the full enjoyment of that sense which makes the human mind appreciative of harmonious chords.

I cannot tell how long I stood there entranced, but I perceived at length that Templeton's eyes were closed, and that he had ceased to play. His violin was pressed to his shoulder, his hand was on the finger-board, and the bow at rest upon the strings; but the other violin played on with a soft, soothing strain which had a "dying fall" that finally sighed itself into silence. With the last earthly notes the lamp, which had been burning low, went out, and darkness filled the room.

I groped my way back to my chamber, and threw myself upon the bed like one in a dream. I closed my eyes, but the echoes of that divine harmony were yet in my brain—I still drifted upon the sea of sound. I passed the remainder of the night drowsing, dreaming, and wondering.

In the morning I made a somewhat neglected toilet and hurried downstairs. Alline was up, and the breakfast table laid. She inquired if I had rested well, and remarked that I looked pale, to which I replied that I had not slept as well as usual. I then asked if her brother had risen.

"He has not," was her reply, "although he is an early riser. He has doubtless overslept himself."

"I will go and awaken him," I answered; and, hastening to his sleeping-room, I knocked at the door.

Getting no response, I knocked more loudly, with no better effect. Thinking it singular, I opened the door and looked in. Templeton's bed had not been disturbed; he was not there. Considerably perplexed, I ran to the apartment where I had seen him last. The door was locked. Putting my mouth to the key-hole I called him, but received no answer. I became alarmed, and without ceremony threw myself against the door and burst it open.

Templeton was there, sitting precisely as I had left him—the violin to his shoulder, his left hand grasping the finger-board, the bow lying upon the silent strings. There was a smile upon his white lips. The terrible truth flashed into my mind—Templeton was dead! His soul had passed away from earth like the notes of his own music.

"Poor Alline!" I exclaimed, as I recoiled in consternation from the spectacle. I heard a light step and felt a hand on my arm; it was Alline, whiter than the marble brow of her brother. I bore her insensible from the chamber.

The melancholy duty of making arrangements for my friend's burial devolved upon me. The body was placed in the narrow house which holds at last all that remains of ambitious man, and was prepared for the vaults beneath the castle, where rested the ashes of many who had lived and died beneath that ancient dome. Among them slept Wilhelm Herder, Templeton's patron.

That night I watched beside the body in the room where Templeton breathed his last.

I reflected, as I sat there by the lonely lamp, deeply, and I trust not unprofitably, on the mutations of human life—the sorrows that attend it, the visitations of death which end it.

Near midnight, Alline, who had kept herself shut in her chamber during the entire day, softly stole into the apartment. I led her to a seat near the body, and stood beside her, still retaining her hand in mine.

Suddenly the light grew dim; a film of darkness seemed to settle upon it; it glimmered forth a pale, sepulchral mist. The wind, which had been high, ceased to sigh through the turrets and beat against the towers.

The silence was most fitting to the wordless grief of Alline. A soft murmur floated through the hazy atmosphere.

Alline raised her tear-gemmed eyes to mine with a look of inquiry, which I comprehended. I pressed her hand for answer, and listened with breathless interest. The same murmur came purring and eddying through the room like the gentle sighing of a whispering wind; then in the distance, so far away as to be scarcely audible, I heard the notes of a violin, which alternately receded and returned, drawing a little nearer at each alternation. Finally, soft waves of melody rolled into the chamber—not loud and obtrusive, but subdued to the respiration of an untroubled sleeper.

I recognized the dulcet tones of the invisible player. Alline ceased to weep, listening with a calmness that surprised me. Anon the wailing notes of the unseen performer were answered faintly from afar—like the rippling of flowing water, or the trembling tones of a distant harp. It was Templeton, awaking his mystic viol—calling forth the first strains of that divine harmony which lives eternal in the spheres, and which is boundless as the depths of space. The ghostly player approached, and the two occult violinists performed in concert the most exquisite music that ever fell upon mortal ears.

Again the instruments wailed and sighed and moaned, and spoke to every sentiment that grief could assume.

When they had cried and wept and despaired for the dead they changed of a sudden, soothed and cheered, and took on a hopeful burden, which charmed and melted to tears. We felt its prestige of kindness, and when at length the melody receded and died away with lingering, loving cadence the heart of Alline was more reconciled to her loss.

We sat silently by the coffin form, pondering what we had heard, wondering concerning the strange things that heaven and earth contain—marvelling about the mysteries of the Cosmos. I called to mind what Templeton had said in relation to the tradition of the castle, that whoever died within its walls had the power of revisiting earth.

Templeton's mortal part was consigned to the vault, with prayers and tears, such as sisters give. Alline was terribly stricken, but she bore her grief with noble firmness. For a time neither of us alluded to the singular incidents attending her brother's decease; but when a few days had elapsed, and the poignancy of her sorrow was somewhat blunted, she herself referred to the subject. She fully believed in the tradition, and had more than once heard the mystic music in Templeton's chamber. She had questioned him regarding it, but never obtained a satisfactory answer. She had not been disturbed or frightened, although in the night-time she had been awakened by strains of harmony, floating along the corridors and dying in the distance; and that music too resembled the playing of Wilhelm Herder.

It was needless that Alline should see new scenes to direct her mind from the melancholy theme; and I had the happiness to be the companion of her travels a portion of the time. Months passed before she returned to the castle.

When next I heard the occult music it was on my bridal night—a glad and happy strain, that seemed to approve the choice of Alline, and rejoice in our mutual love.

The castle is still standing, and at certain seasons the sound of an invisible violin is heard in the enchanted chamber.

D. J. H. R.

THE Royal Manchester Institution of this year—the fifty-third—is fully up to its average in excellence. The works of local artists evince decided progress both in conception and execution, and bear favourable comparison, not only with those of painters who have added a metropolitan to their previous provincial reputation, but also with the works of R.A.'s and A.R.A.'s which have been lent to add lustre to the general effect of the exhibition.

MASSIVE MASONIC TEMPLE.—The Freemasons of Pennsylvania are preparing to dedicate the new Masonic Temple, which has been erected there at a cost of no less than 1,300,000 dollars. The new Temple, which is the largest and most elaborate masonic edifice in the world, has been over five years in building. It is a massive granite structure, 250 ft. long by 150 ft. wide, and surmounted by three towers—the highest of which reaches an altitude of 250 ft.

above the footway. The interior is fitted up in the most magnificent style that it is possible to conceive; the various halls and lodge rooms being constructed in the Norman, Egyptian, Ionic, and Oriental styles respectively. The masonic brotherhood in Pennsylvania number about 38,000, and this costly building has been erected as a meeting-place for the various organizations.

MR. LOWE AT THE HOME OFFICE.—A few weeks since it was stated that Mr. Lowe contemplated abolishing the system of patronage which had been obstinately maintained by his predecessor, Mr. Bruce, and now we have the satisfaction of stating that the numerous and valuable appointments in the Home Office and its subordinate departments are open to public competition. The Foreign Office is at present the only important branch of the service which is closed against the public at large, and into which merit unaided by political or social influence cannot force its way.

THE TICHBORNE FAMILY NAME.—The now famous family was one of great county influence in Hampshire before the Norman Conquest, and its surname is derived from the well-known river Ichen, that runs into "Southampton Water," along the eastern skirt of Southampton town. The name was formerly De Ichenborne. Then there was Sir Roger de Ticheborne, Kt., in the reign of Henry II. The "de" was dropped in the time of Queen Elizabeth, and the name was spelt as it is now, the Sir Benjamin of Tichborne of that day being sheriff of Southampton, and knight of the shire for Hants, in the 35th of the same queen's reign. In 1820 James I. made this gentleman a baronet, and knighted his four sons, on account of the father, as sheriff, proclaiming the king's accession at Winchester. He had also the fee-farm of the Castle of Winchester. The crest of the family is a hind's head between two wings, and not a bird's, as has been stated. The supporters are lions, and the motto is *Pugna pro patria*. The name of Doughty came into the family in 1826, in lieu of Tichborne, and, finally, "Doughty-Tichborne" in 1853.

PHILADELPHIA EXHIBITION, 1876.—The preparations for the Centennial Exhibition at Philadelphia in 1876 are gradually maturing, and the work of arrangement entrusted to the several committees is progressing. The executive commissioner, Professor Blake, is at present at Vienna, making personal observation of the arrangement and conduct of that great display. The commission is now in daily sittings at their rooms, Walnut Street, near Ninth Street, where they have employed two secretaries and three heads of bureau, each of whom is entrusted with the management of some specialty. The necessity of pushing forward as rapidly as possible the preparations for the exhibition buildings is fully recognized. The statement is made that the committee on plans and architecture have decided to make use of four buildings—a central main building, to be devoted to general exhibition purposes, and separate structures to contain the departments of fine arts, of machinery, and of horticulture. It is further stated that the appointment of the architect will be thrown open to public competition, and that all architects will be invited to contribute plans; the authors of the ten most approved designs each to receive a prize of \$300. The decision upon the successful plan will be made about July.

THE COURT OF CHANCERY.—In the course of the legal year beginning on the 2nd of November, 1872, the Court of Chancery has held sittings on 861 days, and has disposed of 6,401 matters of various descriptions brought before it. The Lord Chancellor sat alone on 25 days in his own court, besides 74 days on which he sat for the Master of the Rolls. On those 25 days he disposed of 13 appeals, 4 motions, and 2 petitions. His lordship also sat with the Lords Justices 51 days, when 26 appeals, 25 appeal motions, two petitions, and six original motions were disposed of. The Lords Justices sat on 113 days, and heard 58 appeals, 58 appeal motions, seven appeal and other petitions, and 15 original motions. They also heard 3 appeals from the Stannaries Court, and 3 from the Court of Chancery of the County Palatine of Lancaster, and 6 motions for a decree. The Master of the Rolls sat in person on 94 days, and by the Lord Chancellor, as before stated, on 74 days. Vice-Chancellor Malins on 177 days, Vice-Chancellor Bacon on 172 days, and Vice-Chancellor Wickens, by himself or Lord Justice James, on 175 days. At the sittings on these several days the courts disposed of 14 appeals from county courts, 5 pleas, 61 demurrers, 25 exceptions, 951 motions for a decree, 110 causes, 6 rehearings, 17 special cases, 563 further considerations, 107 petitions under the Companies Acts, 2,159 other petitions, 1,542 special motions, 280 matters adjourned from chambers, and 311 motions of course. Vice-Chancellor Bacon, besides his Chancery work, was occupied several days in the Court of Bankruptcy. The total number of matters disposed of in court was

297 less than in the previous year, the whole of which difference is to be attributed to the falling off in the amount of work done by the Rolls' Court, the difference between the work of that court in the two years amounting to no less than 410 matters disposed of. The sittings of all the courts numbered 36 more days than in the previous year. These statistics do not of course include any of the work performed by the judges at chambers, which has been during this year exceedingly heavy, and which we anticipate will be found far beyond anything ever before accomplished. The number of causes on the books at the beginning of the year was, as far as ascertained, 547, and up to the 9th of August there are on the books 531 causes, the greater part of which are ripe for hearing, with a prospective addition of at least 100 more during the vacation. This only applies to the Courts of the Master of the Rolls and the three Vice-Chancellors. There appear to be only 15 appeals set down in the appeal cause-book.

SCIENCE.

A NEW ANILINE RED.—According to F. Hamel, an addition of a few drops of chloride of sulphur to 375 grains of aniline, in a flask, with continued, careful stirring, produces, in from ten to five minutes, sometimes immediately, a red solid, which, when treated with acetic acid and filtered, gives a red liquid that yields on evaporation a brilliant black substance, soluble in acetic acid, ether and alcohol. Addition of water to its solution in any of these produces a gray precipitate.

IMITATION FROST-CRYSTALS.—A very pretty ornament for a parlour table can be prepared as follows: Dissolve 456 grains of nitrate of lead in six fluid ounces of water. If the solution is turbid filter through paper. Place the solution on the table where it is intended to remain, and drop into it 200 grains of sal-ammoniac in long, fibrous crystals. Small crystals of chloride of lead form and ascend through the denser liquid, presenting the appearance of an ascending snow-storm. When the lead is all precipitated the crystals of chloride of lead begin to descend as a genuine miniature snow-storm, forming grotesque masses resembling a winter's landscape. If the vessel containing the crystals is not disturbed it often preserves its beauty for a week or two.

MANUFACTURE OF OXYGEN GAS.—The manufacture of oxygen gas on a large scale by the Motay process is an established fact. The process consists in heating manganate of soda in steam; oxygen is discharged and water absorbed, caustic soda and oxide of manganese being the result. Upon heating this in a current of air oxygen is taken up and a manganate of soda reformed, which admits of a repetition of the process. The oxygen is thus being constantly extracted from the atmosphere. In Brussels a manufactory of this oxygen has commenced operations, and is now furnishing a supply of the gas to aid and increase the illuminating power of ordinary gas in the Galerie St. Hubert. The gas is compressed into iron cylinders, and thus rendered very portable. It may be used as a remedial agent, by supplying an additional quantity of vital air to the atmosphere of a sick room.

HEAVY GUNS.—The largest coil which has yet been prepared for the construction of a heavy gun was turned out of the Royal gun factories at Woolwich Arsenal on the 12th ult. It is intended for the principal portion of the new 38-ton gun, which is now in process of manufacture, and the bar before it was coiled was 200 feet long and 7½ inches in diameter, its weight being 14 tons. The longest furnace in the Arsenal, though supplying a fire 180 feet long, was too short to heat a bar of these dimensions, and the furnace had therefore to be enlarged in the rear, by carrying it out to the end of the building, where the extremity of the bar was heated in an open fire upon portable grate-bars, stretching across the road. The 38-ton gun will be three tons heavier and 3 feet longer than the "Woolwich Infant," which, being intended for use on board ship, was manufactured shorter than was consistent with the thorough efficiency of the gun.

PROPER COMBINATIONS IN SOAPS.—According to Mignot, a perfect soap is one in which the fatty matters and the alkaline have been so thoroughly combined as to leave no excess of either component; a desideratum which is very seldom reached, as the soap is either too alkaline, in which case it parches and dries up the skin, or it is too fat, and thus makes the skin greasy, so that the dust readily adheres to it. The former inconvenience is the more serious of the two, as it very soon leaves its impress upon the skin. For this reason soap-makers are in the habit of employing an excess of fat, notwithstanding the inconvenience mentioned. Mignot now informs us that silica introduced into the soap, in the form of infusorial earth, will tend to neutralize any excess of the alkaline elements of the soap, as it is soluble both in soda and in potash, and it will at the same time take up the surplus of fatty mat-

ter by absorbing it and combining with it to a certain extent. Infusorial earth, as is well known, occurs in different parts of the world in great quantity, and immense deposits are known in various portions of the United States, especially in Idaho, Nevada, and California.

EFFECT OF FRESH PAINT EMANATIONS.—Investigations of a very interesting character, made by an experienced house painter in Paris to ascertain whether emanations from certain paints containing such substance as white lead, zinc white, linseed oil, essence of turpentine, coal oil, etc., are injurious to health, show some noteworthy results. He caused the insides of some boxes to be painted, and within them he placed wire cages containing rabbits, which were not in contact with the paint, but only subject to the influence of the emanations from it. The rabbits suffered while the paint was fresh, especially when it contained coal oil, but none of them died. Living in apartments recently painted, and which emit the odour of oil of turpentine, is not, therefore, permanently injurious to health. Some other tests were made for the purpose of obtaining deposits of these emanations from the fresh paintings of houses. Instead of rabbits, plates containing a small quantity of water were placed in the boxes, and after the water had evaporated from the plates there were found some remarkable crystallizations like needles, consisting of combinations in which the oils employed formed the principal part. These crystalline combinations were obtained even when linseed oil was used.

THE PERSISTENT ACTIVISM OF A BICHROMATE IMAGE.—According to Marion of Paris, if a bichromate photographic image, printed in the sun, be brought into contact with another bichromate surface in the dark, a similar impression will be made upon the latter. In fact, a carbon picture fresh from the frame can be employed as a printing block, from which any number of impressions can be obtained, as if a sufficient quantity of sunlight had been stored up in the original impression to produce an active effect by merely bringing the surface in contact. This discovery, if verified, is considered of very great importance, since it is alleged that if a single photograph be printed in the sun, we can from this procure a large number of copies, all of which will be as delicate and vigorous as the original. For this purpose a sheet of gelatine sensitized with bichromate of potash is put under a negative and printed; it is then withdrawn from the printing frame, and immersed in a weak solution of bichromate of potash, which swells up those portions of the surface that have not been attacked by light, and thus produces a picture in relief. The sheet of gelatine is then put into a press, and impressions from it taken on sensitive carbon tissue, the block being moistened from time to time with bichromate solution. The copies thus produced upon the tissues are not fully printed, and cannot be developed at once; they are simply incipient or nascent pictures, and they require preservation in the dark for some hours, to allow the action of the light to continue, exactly in the same way as if the carbon tissue had been exposed to sunlight for a few minutes. When the prints have been kept sufficiently they are developed in warm water, and fine, vigorous copies are the result.

A NEW ANILINE BROWN.—A new dye called cannelle produces upon silk, wool, and cotton a lively brown colour, and by admixture with blue, red, or yellow aniline dyes is capable of assuming every possible shade and variation of brown. For silks and woollens no mordant is required; but, like all other aniline colours, it refuses to attach itself to cotton without a mordant. Silk is dyed in a lukewarm bath to which is added a sufficient quantity of the dye, which has first been dissolved in hot water, and, when cold, filtered through flannel. The dye-bath is made slightly acid by the addition of tartaric acid. Wool is dyed in a boiling solution of the dye, to which is added half a pound of Glauber salt and two ounces of sulphuric acid to 10 lbs. of wool. Cotton is mordanted with tannin by placing in a solution of 3 lbs. sumach or ½ lb. good tannin to 10 lbs. of cotton. After being mordanted the goods are unrolled and put in a cold bath of pure cannelle. Cannelle is prepared from one of the products used in making fuchsin, and is essentially the double acid salt of chrysotoluidine. This latter base is formed from toluidine by the removal of hydrogen, just as the base of fuchsin is prepared from a mixture of aniline and toluidine. This dye is also extremely similar to fuchsin in its nature. The free base is insoluble in water, and therefore may be thrown down as a bright yellow precipitate by the addition of an alkali to an aqueous solution of its salts. Chrysotoluidine is very soluble in alcohol, and can be used in this form for dyeing, while rosaniline and its derivatives are colourless, except in neutral salts. The neutral salts of chrysotoluidine dissolve with difficulty even in boiling water, and are decomposed thereby into insoluble basic salts and soluble acid salts. The solutions of the soluble acid salts

have a pale yellow colour with a brownish tinge while free chrysotoluidine gives pure yellow shades. The same pure colours are obtained by dyeing with the acid salts, provided some alkali is added to the dye bath. Cannelle is at present manufactured, so far as we know, only in Stuttgart, Germany.

IMPROVEMENT IN DYEING.—A considerable saving of tannin in dyeing can, it is said, be effected by combining it with glue before using it, so as to employ both glue and tannin simultaneously as mordant. Under these circumstances much less tannin is required to produce a given shade with fuchsin, aniline green, or any other aniline colour; in fact the same result may be obtained with half the quantity of tannin required when no glue is used. An American contemporary gives the following extract from the descriptions of the inventor, a German named Austerlitz:—"I have established this by a series of experiments on a small scale, using weighed quantities of tannin with varying quantities of glue. A piece of cotton goods was first mordanted in a bath of tannic acid, and then in two, one half being drawn through a weak solution of glue or gelatine, the other immersed directly in a dye bath of known concentration at a given temperature. The half which had been through the glue bath was then dyed in a bath of precisely the same sort, and the two samples compared. The cotton on which glue had been employed was far more thoroughly dyed and of a deeper shade. It was also proved that the tannin and bath might be much weaker if followed by a glue bath than when used alone. The amount of tannin used in this way is not small. By gradually diluting one of the tannin solutions and continuing the series of parallel experiments with tannin and glue and with tannin alone, a point is finally reached where both methods produce the same shade. When this point is arrived at a comparison of the concentration of the two tannin baths will show how much is saved. This quantity of course depends greatly upon the quality of the tannin, so that my experiments have not given a result which can be expressed in figures. Samples from different sources gave different results, so that in some cases more was saved by the glue bath, in others less. The causes of these phenomena have not yet been ascertained, but it is probable that a compound of tannin and glue is formed which has an action upon aniline different from that of tannin alone."

THE LARGEST ENGINE IN THE WORLD.—Some time since the pumping engine of the Lehigh zinc mines at Friedensville was stated to be the largest stationary engine in the world. A writer in a Pittsburgh paper assails the above statement, and endeavours to show that the engine above mentioned has not even an approximate claim to that distinction, and he states that the great Haarlem engine has a 12 feet cylinder with a 10 feet stroke, and he makes its capacity to be 10,000,000,000 gallons raised 1 foot high in 24 hours. "Now 10,000,000,000 gallons is 83,388,000,000 foot pounds per day, or 57,908,333 foot pounds per minute, equivalent to 1,755 horse power. But the designers themselves only claim 500 horse power for their engine, and must feel flattered by the Pittsburgh estimate. The Lehigh engine was originally designed and rated at 8,000 horse power, and if called upon could increase even that figure. Where then is the comparison? The famous engine of Haarlem is nothing but a familiar single-acting Cornish engine, having an 84 inch cylinder, with the attachment of Simms's combined cylinder, which is also single acting. Its normal speed is 6 strokes per minute, and who can make more than 500 horse power out of that at any reasonable pressure? But the Lehigh engine is a beam engine, with a plain cylinder 110 inches in diameter, 10 feet stroke and double acting. It is now working at 11 strokes per minute, or a piston speed of 230 feet. What is there then in the Haarlem engine to entitle it to rank above the engine at the Friedensville mines? We suspect, however, that our Pittsburgh friend would care little for the reputation of the Haarlem engine if his own could be shown to be the veritable leviathan. But he describes his engine as having two 64 inch cylinders of 14 feet stroke geared to one shaft and fly wheel, each actuating two pumps, and each capable of working independently. Two 64 inch cylinders give an aggregate piston area of 6,434 square inches, while the piston area of the Lehigh engine is 9,504 square inches, or nearly one half greater. In fact, there are half a dozen blowing engines in the Lehigh valley which show a greater volume of cylinder than that at Pittsburgh. The Lehigh engine was designed by Mr. John West, the company's engineer, to bear a pressure of 60 lbs. with a factor of safety of 8, or a pressure of 80 lbs. with a factor of 6. Finally, the justice of comparing at all the work of the Pittsburgh engines, which are practically two distinct engines, with the single engine of the Lehigh zinc mine is not apparent.

UNDERGROUND RAILWAYS IN AMERICA.—The city of Baltimore is in possession of an underground

railway system first amongst American cities. There are now two distinct lines of tunnels in Baltimore, which have been completed at a cost of nearly five millions of dollars, whereby nearly all the various railways centring in the city have been brought into connection. The underground railway consist of the Baltimore and Potomac tunnel, whence it extends in a north-easterly direction through the city, under some twenty-nine streets and avenues, emerging at North Avenue, where it joins the track of the Northern Central Railway. The Union tunnel extends from tide-water at the Canton portion of Baltimore, under some thirteen streets and avenues, to the Northern Central Railway. The total length of the Baltimore underground railways is three miles and a half, of which about two miles are closed tunnels, and the remainder open cuts, over which the streets are carried on bridges. The tunnel arches are from 22 ft. to 26 ft. 6 in. high, and from 26 ft. to 27 ft. wide, flowing of brick thick (from stone springs), backed with rubble masonry.

FRECKLES.

The September days are the harvest time of the summer's sowing of freckles. They are either natural, or present accidentally from jaundice, or the action of the sun on the part. Heat, or a sudden change of the weather, will often cause the skin to appear of a darker colour than natural, and thereby produce what is called tan, sunburn, etc., which seem to differ only in degree, and usually disappear in winter. Persons of a fine complexion, and those whose hair is red, are the most subject to freckles, especially in those parts which they expose to the air.

The origin of freckles has been thus explained: In the spring, the skin, from the warm covering which the body has had in winter, and from various other causes, is peculiarly sensitive. The heat of the sunbeams now draws out drops of moisture, which do not dry so rapidly as in summer. These drops operate like a convex glass, to concentrate the rays, which are thus made to act powerfully on the Rete Malpighii, and the carbon which it contains is half acidified, and this substance, in this state, always has a dark colour. In the same manner arises the dark tint which the skin in general assumes in summer, and which the communicators to artisans who labour constantly in its immediate vicinity. The only bad effect of freckles is that they induce ladies to keep themselves shut up from the influence of the weather, or to apply injurious washes to the face to remove them.

IS WATER PURIFIED BY FREEZING?

The importance of this question must be felt by every one who reflects on the large quantities of ice put in the solid form into our summer drinks. That disease is communicated by means of water is, I imagine, a fact recognized by the majority of medical men, although so high an authority as the President of the British Medical Association recently expressed his dissent from this belief. Are there not general grounds, however, apart from special cases, which warrant the belief that water spreads disease? In cases of infection disease can be communicated through the air or by means of articles handled by the diseased person. I have heard of fever being sent like a valentine by post. Many seeds of plants retain their vitality after a protracted immersion in water (even in sea-water), and several insects (such as the common house-fly) recover after several hours' drowning.

Now, if disease germs can be carried about in a letter, or in one's clothes, and if plant seeds and insects should survive long immersion in water, I see no reason why the said germs should not retain their vitality after the few hours' ducking, and become innocently swallowed by us, "along with other fishes." Now I know not whether a diseased germ is animal or vegetable (some say it is mythical), for I never had the luck to see one, but such being the state of my belief concerning them, now arises the question—Is water purified by freezing? It is a known fact that many animals and most plants can survive an extreme degree of cold. The lowest temperature ascertained to exist in the depths of the sea is 3½ deg. below zero of centigrade, but even at this low temperature animal life is abundant and vigorous. Newport exposed chrysalids to a temperature of 5 deg. below zero for forty-eight hours, and they did not become frozen. In all such instances, however, as with hibernating animals, the cooling is effected by means of the medium (no allusion to spiritualism is here meant), either air or water, and this is a very different thing from being cooled by actual contact with the cold body. The question before us is whether a disease-germ can survive entombment in solid ice, but unfortunately no experiments bearing on this subject have been made.

The "spontaneous generation" controversy has

led to multitudes of experiments tending to prove that organic germs can stand a good amount of stewing, and thrive and multiply cheerfully after the process; whether they can bear the process of being "all froze out" (or rather in) remains to be tried. From what we know of freezing as a physical process, however, we can safely say that germs would rarely be included in a sheet of ice formed on the surface of the water, for freezing is really a crystallization of water, and in all crystallizations foreign matter, whether in solution or in suspension, tends to be expelled by the crystals. Thus, sea-ice is fresh in itself, and only contains a little salt-water entangled during solidification. Without, then, stating that all risk is destroyed by drinking melted ice, I think the facts warrant the statement that water from this source is pretty sure to be less contaminated with noxious organic germs than the original water from which it is derived.—R. M.

A MAORI WRESTLER.—In the report of the Easter sports at Napier, New Zealand, it is said that the wrestling was the best part of the day's entertainment. After a few hard-contested struggles between the Cornish men had been got through a tall, athletic Maori entered the lists. His Christian name was Horu; with reference to his surname we are in ignorance. He evidently knew nothing of the science of the game, and apparently did not trouble himself at all about it. Whatever antagonist ventured to encounter him he seized hold of him without the least concern as to how or where his grip was taken, and by sheer strength hid him on his back, in general almost without a struggle. One man he had seized hold of by the thigh, and was on the point, to all appearance, of throwing him over his shoulder, when the stewards interposed to stop him. The crowd were not, however, horrified, but cheered Mr. Horu with much enthusiasm, and none joined in the applause more heartily than the man with whom he had won his laurels. They went up to and shook hands with him, and did all they could to express to him the sincere and fervent esteem which they felt for so distinguished a master of their art.

CONSUMPTION OF HORSE-FLESH IN FRANCE.—According to the report of the Comité De la Viande de Cheval, there were consumed in Paris during the first half of the year 1867, 893 horses, asses, and mules, which supplied 106,030 kilogrammes of meat; during the first half-year of 1870 (before the war), 1,992 animals were slaughtered, giving 366,440 kilogrammes of meat; lastly, during the first half of the present year, the figures amounted respectively to 5,186 animals, and 883,840 kilogrammes—not including hearts, livers, brains, tongues, etc., which are consumed in common with those of neat cattle. The provinces, exhibit, says the report, the same progress as the capital in the consumption of horse-flesh. Horses slaughtered for consumption fetch, on an average, from 25 to 150 francs each, so that the industry has added 100 francs per head to the value of worn-out, but not diseased, horses. In the words of the report, the public wealth of France is increased by the eating of horse-meat to the extent of 480 millions of francs. It is beyond question that horse-meat is received with considerable favour in France, but the high price of butchers' meat and general impoverishment have doubtless considerably aided the progress of horse-butchery.

DEATH AND THE SEASONS.—It is well known that the rate of mortality differs at different seasons of the year. The Scottish Registrar-General has examined the registers with a view to ascertain the relative effect which season has upon the mortality at various ages. The examination was confined to the deaths registered in the ten years 1866-65 in the eight principal towns of Scotland; but these contain nearly a third of its population, and the facts they exhibit as to the influence of season are regarded as showing the effect upon Scotland generally. Dividing the year into two equal parts, the mortality as a whole is seen to be greatest in the winter and spring, and least in the summer and autumn; but the most fatal month in the season and the extent of the influence of season vary with age. Equalizing the months to 31 days for comparison, it is found that the mortality of children under five years of age was least in September and greatest in February, and that the deaths in the ten years ranged from 8,649 in September to 11,165 in February. At the next age taken, from 5 to 20 years old, there is less variation in the monthly number of deaths than at any other period of life; August was the least and February the month of greatest mortality, and the range was from 1,929 deaths in August to 2,348 in February. Among persons between 20 and 60 years of age, the vigorous period of life, September was the month of least and January the month of greatest fatality; and the range was from 4,724 in September to 7,033 in January.



A SHADE'S DIFFERENCE.

EVERYBODY'S new costume was of two shades, but Miss Doremus's was to be of three. Miss Doremus was accustomed to have things a little above and beyond what other folks had.

The shopman was displaying his shimmering silks under the skylight with the discrimination of an artist, while Miss Doremus, with her height and grace and style, her cool, sea-coloured eyes and red-gold hair, her faultless toilet and magnificent language, was making her critical choice.

Certainly the blue would be the most becoming. Not a pure, bright, vulgar blue, by any means, but a new shade—or rather three new shades, like tints from cloudland or the colours of the chasing waves. They would be very becoming. And it mattered, even to Miss Doremus, to wear what would become her best at the bazaar; though one who knew her well might have read on her face a sort of wrathful scorn at her own weakness, because it did matter.

The purchase was made. Wondrous goods rustled through rapid measurement, and the whole lustrous fabric lay in a blue, shaded, billowy stretch before her on the counter, when of a sudden a faint colour crept over Miss Doremus's skin from brow to cheeks, and even over the pure white column of her full throat. It was but an instant, then it faded, leaving her fair as before. The gentleman she had seen approaching recognized her, bowed, and approached.

"The last place and the last time at which I should have expected to meet Mr. Kinglake," said Miss Doremus, with the slightest uplifting of her lovely eyes.

"You are astonished that the magnet draws the steel?" asked Mr. Kinglake, with a bow.

"I am astonished to hear you say so," and the uplifted eyes drooped demurely with her words.

"Even if it is the truth?"

"There is a time to tell the truth," said the lady.

"And this is it probably," concluded the gentleman.

Miss Doremus was giving her address for the silk. Then she turned to the gentleman and said:

"My shopping is done. Yours, I suppose, is at the glove counter?"

"I have none to do. I followed you here, Miss Doremus."

"Ah! Had you nothing better to do this lovely day?"

"Nothing. And yet I feel no self-commiseration. I like a shop interior, even when I have not seen you enter. It is curious to watch people buy. Some are so anxious and undecided, some are so sharp, some so æsthetic—like yourself, Miss Doremus."

[MUTUAL EXPLANATION.]

And Miss Doremus said "Ah" again.

"I watched you buy that purple silk——"

"Blue, Mr. Kinglake."

"Is it blue? It reminded me of a basket of violets which a girl has for sale at the corner. We will stop for them, if you please."

"Violets? It is early for real violets—those which bloom out of doors."

"Yes. And while you were selecting I was contrasting you with a lady I noticed yesterday morning when I came in here—for gloves inevitably."

"I daresay the lady would be flattered."

"She was not unlike you, only older and plainer, buying some cheap dingy stuffs with so much care. I had a curious reverie about the effect of soils and sunny exposures on plants and people."

"That is, you were wondering how much older and plainer it would make me to be buying cheap dingy stuffs instead of blue silk."

"Something of the sort, Miss Doremus. But here is your carriage. I am sorry you are driving."

"Won't you ride with me? I am going home."

"Will you not walk with me? I am going for the violets."

"Which are like my silk?"

"Yes."

She demurred a minute. It was unconventional, of course. But there are moments when even the "blue blood" which has not overflowed its bounds for generations leaps riotous and defiant in the veins, and Miss Doremus wanted to walk home with Luke Kinglake that day.

"I believe I will walk. I want to see the violets—see whether you can carry a shade's difference in your eye, Mr. Kinglake. Will you send the driver home?"

He bowed very gravely as he executed this commission. There was a flash under his eyelids, a momentary quiver of his lips through his moustache. Then the face told no more tales as he rejoined Miss Doremus, and they walked side by side.

Mr. Kinglake found his violet vendor at the corner, and bought her small stock with a large price.

"Why can't such people be picturesque, as they are at Paris and Naples?" Miss Doremus wondered.

"They have not the sunny exposure," Mr. Kinglake vouchsafed. "By the way, there is an object for a fair or bazaar, Miss Doremus: to dress organ-grinders like banditti, and our flower-vendors in Swiss bodices."

She made a little grimace.

"Don't offer any more suggestions, or some one will take them up and plan a tea-party on the spot. By the way, you are aware of our bazaar next week. Have you bought your tickets?"

"I am ready to do so at any price—even to half my kingdom, providing——"

"I abhor conditions."

"How many tickets am I to take?" he asked.

"Ten, at half a crown each. And you are to come hungry, in order to patronize Miss Lassell; and curiously minded, in order to patronize the sibyl; and gallantly disposed, in order to buy my flowers."

"I adore conditions!" said the gentleman, with significance.

Miss Doremus smiled.

The April night air blew in fragrant breaths through the sumptuous hall where Miss Doremus, in her blue silk, presided in a temple of flowers. The scene was like fairy-land.

Unrolled upon the floor was a velvet carpet of shaded fern leaves; from above a flood of light softened by porcelain globes. On either side were tables laid with glossy damask and shining plate, with luscious fruits on glittering salvers and quivering jellies in tall épergnes.

The aroma of Mocha, the delicate steamy scent of garnished meats, mingled confusedly to the sense with wafted music, radiant smiles, rippling voices and distracting dresses.

Passing on to the central portion of the room were the fancy tables, after their kind, with their wares of dainty lawn and filmy lace, of velvet and zephyr and plush; and at last—like a holy of holies, only to be entered after initiatory steps—the floral temple and Miss Doremus. In the background were an aquarium, with mossy and stony surroundings, circled by great, graceful ferns, and dimly lighted by a swinging antique lamp; a roof of flowers and moss and dripping smilax and blue-eyed orchids; graceful columns twined with ivy, and in front of Miss Doremus a small stand piled with tiny bouquets of rosebuds and heliotropes—to be sold at a price which should pay for all the rest—for fairy-land has its price.

Miss Doremus, through all her career as a beauty, had never looked more beautiful than she did that night. The blue silk, with its Pompadour corsage and drapery sleeves, revealed the perfection of her snowy bust, the contour of her lovely arms. Her hair was slightly dusted with diamond powder, her ripe lips were red as the rose-camellias, her eyes brilliant with animation. And above all there was a new look in her face, something between coyness, rapture, expectancy and alarm—the look of a woman who has newly learned to love.

The bazaar had opened at four o'clock, and since then the tide had been streaming in—eating, buying, admiring, praising, flirting, and retiring. And still Miss Doremus's face did not lose its expression

of expectancy, a half-anxious expectancy as time wore away.

It was near nine o'clock, but Luke Kinglake, in despite of the ten tickets he had purchased, did not come. It was the first time in their brief month's acquaintance that he had failed to avail himself of an opportunity to secure her society, and as Miss Doremus dispensed her bouquets she put passionate questions to her heart as to the cause of his delay. They had spent the preceding evening together at a musical soiree, and as she reviewed the occasion she thought she remembered a slight abstraction in Mr. Kinglake's manner which had never appeared before.

Her pulses fluttered and sank at what occurred to her. Had he gone as far as he intended? Had she betrayed her heart too soon?—for that she had betrayed it she knew in her secret soul full well. A simpleton she breathed to herself, with fierce scorn. And he will go away and talk about me as his conquest. Could anything be worse than that? Yes, something could be worse. The worse would be to have him go away; to give him up; to forget and try to hate him.

And Miss Doremus smiled on a purchaser with her red lips, crushing some violets passionately in her palm to save her soul from crying out at the mere idea.

The nine o'clock bell had swung its vibrant toll and still the crowd increased at the bazaar. Miss Doremus had received anonymously a wondrous addition to the attractions of her temple.

It was a night-blooming cereus, half unfolded, opening moment by moment its glory of whiteness to the light.

There was a throng about it, watching in a kind of suspense for what should come. At an instant when Miss Doremus's attention was claimed by those about her the outer door opened and Luke Kinglake entered.

His eyes fastened upon the temple; upon Miss Doremus in the shade of the flowers, smiling, gracious and brilliant to others as she was to him.

He lingered a moment; his eyes lowered. He had come late purposely to catch her watching for him.

But she was not watching.

"Mr. Kinglake," said a voice near.

"Mrs. Lassell, I beg your pardon."

"Come here. I have saved my last ever of cream for your coffee."

"I am truly sorry, Mrs. Lassell, but I have just supped with a friend."

"Indeed! And why, pray, did you not bring your friend and sup here?"

"Here?" repeated Mr. Kinglake, absently. "Oh, I did not suppose she would have come. I did not ask her."

Mrs. Lassell tapped his arm with her fan.

"A lady friend! Ah, I see. In that case I excuse you. You are very good to remember to come at all."

"It was no merit, I assure you; I would not have missed coming."

"So I supposed, until you confessed to a 'lady friend' outside the bazaar."

He smiled grimly.

"Miss Doremus has a night-blooming cereus. Do you know?"

"I was thinking that her flower-stand seemed possessed of even unusual attractions. I must go and see it and her."

"I have been waiting for an opportunity to do the same," said Mrs. Lassell, "so I will take your arm while Helen attends to my café."

"You are late," said Miss Doremus, as Mr. Kinglake at last stood before her, with Mrs. Lassell on his arm.

"Mr. Kinglake is the victim of his lady friends," interposed his companion, "so don't scold him. He has confessed to being detained to supper by one who would not come to the bazaar, and I have had him in my toils for at least ten minutes. I am vexed with him, because I saved a jug of cream for his benefit. But you must not scold him any more. Of course he can buy flowers if he could not drink coffee."

"I will return, if you say so, and drink anything, my dear Mrs. Lassell, cream or anything you desire," said Kinglake, in desperation.

"No, no; I will give it to somebody else I know. You may stay here and buy flowers. I suppose she would like flowers—the one you supped with, you know," and Mrs. Lassell shook her spangled fan, sniffed at the cereus, and went back to her café.

"Whom did you sup with?" asked Miss Doremus, very quietly and directly, as they stood face to face. It was worse than weakness to betray her jealousy, and yet she deliberately betrayed it by her question.

"With a woman who has been dearer to me than all the world beside: who was lost and is found," said Luke Kinglake, seriously.

"You will like some of my beautiful flowers to carry to her," Miss Doremus went on.

No one knew with what an effort she saved herself from fainting between her two remarks.

"I want your night-blooming cereus as soon as it opens. I will wait till then," and he seated himself wearily, shading his eyes with his hand, while Miss Doremus sold her rosebuds, and sent back quick-witted answers to the flatterers who surrounded her stand, and acted her part as graciously as ever—with a breaking heart.

An hour elapsed. The cereus had unfolded its last petal, imperially white and proud. Miss Doremus bent hastily forward and severed it from the stalk. She walked quickly to hide her agitation, and handed it to Mr. Kinglake.

"What is the price?" he asked.

She stood above him, with a strange, clear light in her eyes.

"Your confidence," she said.

"You ask what is not mine to give," was his rejoinder.

"Accept the flower then. I am glad to have something precious enough to offer you in return."

He stopped her with a gesture.

"In return for what, Miss Doremus? Opera tickets? Is it to be a question of 'value received' between us?"

"I do not know, Mr. Kinglake."

"Then I will tell you. I want something whose value I cannot hope to find equivalent for."

"You are moderate."

"No, I am not. I am presuming. I feel keenly how presuming. And yet I am going to tell you that I want your love."

Since the cereus had been cut the people had been going away somewhat quickly, for it was getting late. Miss Doremus and Mr. Kinglake, in the shelter of the temple, were almost alone. The girl's breath came quickly; a sudden faintness—the faintness of ecstasy—came over her again. And yet she took her woman's barred revenge.

"But if"—with a faint smile—"my heart is like your confidence, Mr. Kinglake?"

"Mildred," he said, hoarsely, almost roughly, "do not trifle with me."

"It is you who trifle with me," she returned.

"Happily I can do as I choose still."

"Yes, you can do as you choose." She did not know he could be so terrible. "You can shock and stab me with your coquetry to-night, when my soul is already torn and bleeding; you can belie all my conjectures, dash all my hopes, and show yourself as frivolous as any other woman. You can ignore, if you will, what I have uttered. But do not pretend the utterance surprised you. I have declared my love in everything but words a hundred times before, and to-night I am in no mood to quibble."

"Evidently not, Mr. Kinglake. They are preparing to close, I see. My duties will require me now. Good night."

He got up and walked away with his costly flower, never stopping till he reached the street. Then he threw the cereus upon the pavement, crushed it with his heel, and pursued his way.

He had always doubted her. She was like his marble Psyche, without a soul. She would have married him, perchance, for his money, for his distinction, if he had not offended her. How exquisite she was! How beautiful she had looked at the bazaar! But devoid of charity, of sensibility—he knew she was devoid of it. Suffering disgusted her. She must "lie in the lilies and feed on the roses" of life. Could he, with the mystery and shame which lay so close to his heart, venture to take such a wife? How could he go to her, who had no thought but to be beautiful and happy, with such a tale of wrong and sorrow as racked his own soul?

Miss Doremus lay back languidly in her carriage, folding her cashmere cloak more closely around her with a shiver.

"I wonder how many other women's hearts he has asked for—in such a way as to bar the possibility of their bestowing them?" was her mental inquiry.

Luke Kinglake awoke on the morning following the bazaar with an indistinct, oppressive sense of something unpleasant having happened. Gradually the recollection of last evening's events came back to him, with the consideration of what it behoved him to do to-day.

Should he accept Miss Doremus's reply as final, or should he see her again—appeal once more to the love he believed she bore him?

For he well surmised that pique had prompted her words. She was offended at his allusion to a woman who had been dearer to him than all the world beside.

He stopped there in his reverie with a gentle sigh.

"Poor Alice," he murmured, "I must at least see her to-day."

He dressed, breakfasted, and looked over his correspondence. One of his letters came from his partner.

He mused over it.

"I shall be glad," he thought, "to get back to business and routine again. I am tired of so much leisure."

Then he recollected that but for this business mission he should never have met Miss Doremus.

"Ah, yes, some time I must have met her," came from the depths of his heart, as though another had spoken.

And Alice! how little he had thought of finding her here.

There had been a providence in his coming after all.

The May morning was blithe and bright. Mr. Kinglake threaded his way through the streets in accordance with a direction pencilled upon a card.

He stopped at last at a poor but decent dwelling and pulled the bell.

It was answered by a young and fair woman, dressed in black, and with a faded, heart-broken expression that was sad to see.

He saw it now, in the morning light, as he had not on the preceding evening in their chance encounter.

"My poor little Alice!"

And scarcely stopping to cross the threshold, he was about to fold his arms about her, when she checked him, with a faint, shamed blush.

"I am unknown here, Luke," she said, apologetically, drawing him within the room.

He glanced around.

It was neat enough, but, oh, so bare.

He remembered the girl before him sparkling with beauty, pampered, caressed, served like a queen.

His silence told how he was drawing the contrast.

"It was my own stubborn doings, Luke. There is no one to blame but me."

"But you! It is he who is to blame. Great heavens—"

"Hush," said Alice, mildly. "Let us talk of ourselves, not of him."

"Let us talk of what has occurred, Alice. That is what I want to know—what I have come to hear. In the first place, you are lawfully married?"

"Yes; we were married within an hour after I left home."

"And the child?"

She rose softly, and lifted a coarse white curtain that screened a recess.

There, asleep upon the bed, lay a beautiful year-old baby girl.

Alice had fondly fancied to disarm Luke's anger with the loveliness of her child. She had dressed it in the prettiest clothes she had been able to create from the remnants of her own wardrobe, and the yellow curls about its head were deftly laid as only a mother's fingers can lay them.

But Luke had no tenderness towards this baby. It lay there like a flaming sword of retribution; like the emblem of disgrace, the expression of a painful experience, put into this dimpled and roseate mould.

"Has he ever seen it, Alice?"

She dropped the curtain with a crimson blush.

"No, Luke; he deserted me a month before she was born."

"And what did you do then?"

"I scarcely know—leastways, I cannot tell. But when the time came Heaven sent me a friend."

"A friend?" said Luke, sharply.

"Yes; a friend without whose aid I could never have existed—an angel in human form. And it is she who still sustains me. Her patronage enables me to earn a subsistence, and she and I have a plan, Luke, that when the baby's a little older, so that I am free from the care, that I shall go and earn my subsistence by teaching."

"Do you think that I shall listen to any such plan? I intend to take you home."

"I could not go, Luke."

"What do you mean by that?"

"I mean that he would find me; would force me to return to him, or at any rate deprive me of my child. No, I am lost to the world, to all but her and you."

The door was pushed suddenly open. A woman stood on the threshold. She was thickly veiled; the hand which rested on the knob was "cased in a black glove. At the sight of a stranger in the apartment she stood for an instant irresolute, and then walked rapidly away, closing the door impulsively behind her.

Mr. Kinglake started from his chair.

"Who was that?" he asked, abruptly.

He had recognized the lady whom he had once observed buying the "cheap dingy stuffs" of which he had told Miss Doremus; the lady whom he had fancied like Miss Doremus herself, only plainer and older, as though she had not had the sunny exposure in which to thrive and glow.

"That is my friend," said Alice, simply. "She was an old schoolmate. She recognized me in the street. I can never tell you what I owe her. I call my little Mildred after her."

"Mildred," repeated Mr. Kinglake, abstractedly. "Alice," he said, finally, as he stood prepared to go, "it seems strange to me that you have not asked me one question; I mean concerning John Esten. He grieved for you."

"I was not worth it. Let the dead past bury its dead."

Mr. Kinglake left Alice with a sense of dissatisfaction. What would his father say, what would John Esten say, to know that he had found her deserted, heart-broken, in want, and had left her so? She was a mere child when she had run away with a worthless actor. Two or three would be glad to ignore her mistake, and take her back to their tenderness. But he could not move her resolve. He foresaw that insistence would only be the means of losing her again.

"I forfeited my right to home when I left it," she said. "I too am a Kinglake. I will not take my child back as a beggar."

Luke left it so, thinking he would perhaps prevail through the influence of Alice's generous friend, whom he resolved to know. Something about her touched him singularly. Evidently she was not wealthy—her dress decided that; and yet she gave freely and unobtrusively. And she gave not her money only, but her womanly sympathy, her time, her advice. Luke could plainly see who it was that had bound up the broken heart of his poor, spoiled, misguided sister.

"Would that I could know such a woman," he sighed over his cigar. Then he reflected that probably he had known such, and had not liked them; had called them "goody;" had ridiculed their "isms," and laughed at their plain collars and smooth hair. He had to confess that it was a different style which suited him. The women who captivated his fancy were of Miss Doremus's style; of the world worldly, with wonderful coiffures, sweeping trains, soft hands, indolent, elegant, with a hidden disgust for afflictions and distresses. He could not fancy Miss Doremus picking her way to Alice's poor home with flannels and liniment; dressing and hushing a crying baby; making the bare room cheerful with a few pictures and plants, as Alice's friend had done. Oh, no; Miss Doremus gave her alma, like the elegant Pharisee she was, in broad gas-light, at the topmost seat at the tea-party or bazaar.

But notwithstanding his criticisms Mr. Kinglake prepared to visit Miss Doremus again. Last night he had shrunk from disclosing Alice's story, which indeed was not so bad as they had sometimes feared. "She would come back if she were not dishonoured," her father had often said. It was an immense relief to find his conjecture had been amies. Mr. Kinglake could never have told Miss Doremus, with her pride of birth and haughty sense of propriety, that he had a sister who had brought disgrace upon his name.

As it was he prepared to go to her. She must yield a little, and he a great deal, was the programme he had mapped as he rang the bell. A servant answered it. He was shown into the vacant drawing-room. A moment later he was informed that Miss Doremus was engaged.

He bit his lip and walked away.

"I will not make the advance again," he repeated to himself.

He deceived himself there, however; he made and continued to make advances, which were met with persistent rebuff. He called. Miss Doremus never saw him. He wrote. His notes were unnoticed.

Meanwhile his father, having learned of Alice's discovery, was writing tender, imploring letters with which Luke sought to shake her resolution. To his surprise she refused, when questioned, to tell him the name of her friend. So he was debarred from seeking her intercession.

Perhaps in all his easy, pleasant life Luke Kinglake had never before felt so uncomfortably foiled. He was too proud to seek Miss Doremus in society when she refused to see him at home, and he resolutely stayed away from the lunches and picnics, which took the place of parties as the weather grew warm.

At length, towards midsummer, society went out of town.

He walked by the Doremus mansion one morning, and saw the shutters closed, the area gate locked.

"She has gone," he said, "without a word or sign."

He made up his mind to start for business the next day.

There was really nothing to prevent. As to preparations, he needed none. Only he must see Alice once more.

And so, in the hot noontime, he traced his way towards her narrow street.

A linden tree, which pushed its way through the roof of the old house in which she had her room, cast a grateful shade about her windows, which Luke noticed open for the first time.

The neighbourhood was just then intensely quiet, and through the windows he heard a low, rich voice crooning a child's song.

On the impulse of the moment he stepped to the window and looked in.

Upon a low chintz chair sat the singer, holding the baby upon her knees.

She had laid her bonnet—a dingy black bonnet with a long veil—upon the floor beside her, and her rich, red-gold hair was partly falling in coils over her bosom and the shoulders of her white wrapper.

Mr. Kinglake stifled a cry. With a rapid step he entered the house, and unceremoniously pushed open the door.

"Mildred Doremus—"

She started—straightened herself as she sat.

"This is an unlooked-for intrusion, Mr. Kinglake."

"It is a thrice-blessed discovery. Why have you refused me the privilege of seeing you for two months?"

"That is a point on which I will not be questioned."

"Mildred, you will be. I am determined to know. You may reject my love, but there is no reason why you should despise it."

"I think I may. What brings you here?"

"To see my sister."

"Your sister?"

She turned a trifle pale.

"Alice has not told me who you were."

"Has she not? Why?"

"I suppose because I would not let her. I told her I must not meet you here, and that that was all I would hear her say."

"And who did you take me to be?"

"Pardon me, I have been in the wrong. Your words at the bazaar, your visits here, and my own fatuity, led me to believe that you were the lover whom Alice foresaw in her infatuation for the scamp who deceived her."

"Mildred!"

"I ask your pardon."

"I have to ask yours for never recognising you, for never suspecting you capable of such a noble work as you have done for my poor sister."

She smiled faintly.

"Yet you thought the lady who bought the 'cheap and dingy' stuffs something like me, with a shade's difference."

"I scarcely know what I thought. But I know what I do think—that I adore you."

"Let us talk of Alice now," she said.

"Not until I have had my answer."

"Well, then, to expedite matters, I will confess that I have never had a happy moment since the bazaar."

At the request of Miss Doremus Mr. Kinglake then took his departure, and on the following day, when he called upon her by appointment at her home—which was not yet deserted, as he had thought—then all was explained; how to avoid attracting attention Miss Doremus had assumed a sort of disguise in visiting her friend.

It was an era of explanations.

Towards the close of the summer the news of the death of Alice's worthless husband was received. And, no longer in jeopardy, she returned to her father—another prodigal over whom rejoicings were held.

Mr. Kinglake has always some slight fear that his wife will assume a disguise in which he will not know her, and is never quite easy when people talk of things between which there is hardly a shade's difference.

W. H. P.

FACTIÆ.

A THIEF running away is a scamp, but the policeman's chase after him is a scamper.

TO HIS CREDIT.—One member of Parliament never suffers from the effects of liquor—the Chancellor of the Exchequer.—*Fun*.

THE husband of an extravagant wife thinks that men suffer more than women from excessive "lacing."

LIVE near a factory that uses soft coal, if you would save yourself the expense of a new black hat when the season changes.

"WHERE are you going?" asked a little boy of another, who had slipped on an icy pavement.

"Going to get up," was the blunt reply.

A YOUNG husband calls his wife "Birdie," because he says she is always associated in his mind with a bill.

A TIDYOUTE gentleman, who was showing the good qualities of his horse to his friend, is now estimating the distance he would have been kicked had not a board fence stopped his flight.

A LITTLE boy having broken his rocking-horse the day it was bought, his mother began to rebuke him. He silenced her by inquiring, "What is the good of a horse till it's broke?"

BROKEN ENGLISH.—Mrs. Malaprop is staying at

an old farm-house in one of the Middling Counties and writes word that it is in a very "duplicated" condition.—*Punch*.

HALF AND HALF.—A gentleman being asked if his neighbour's dog was a hunter, said it was half hunter and half setter, that he hunted until he found a bone, and then "set" down to eat it.

AN EXAMPLE.

Old Lady: "Be careful with my umbrella, cabby; it's a precious one!"

Cabby (gallantly): "Not so precious as what's walking underneath it, mum!"—*Punch*.

CONFUSION OF IDEAS.—The man who said that he was so particular about his bacon that he never ventured on a rasher without first seeing the pig which had supplied it must have been an Irishman.—*Punch*.

TO SEE OURSELVES, ETC.

'Away: "Uho, Ah, blow me if you ain't down 'ere too!"

At: "Right yer 'ar, 'Arry. Me and the missus likes to take a run down wunst or twice in the season just to 'ave a look at the cads!"—*Fun*.

"If you want to see what men will do in the way of conformity," says a modern philosopher, "take a high hat for your subject of meditation. I dare say there are twenty-two millions of people at this minute wearing one of those hats each to please the rest."

"LET THE TOAST GO ROUND."

Good Templar: "Very warm, coachman. Have a drop?"

Coachman: "Thank ye, sir."—(Drinks).—

"Anch! Oh, murder! 'Am poisoned!—What's that?"

Good Templar: "Only toast-and-water!"—*Punch*.

SUBSTANTIAL REASONS.—A school master who had an inveterate habit of talking to himself was asked what motive he could have in doing so. He replied that he had two good substantial reasons. In the first place he liked to talk to a sensible man; in the next place he liked to hear a sensible man talk.

TRUE AS STEEL.—A man was charged at Worship Street the other day with "attempting to steal from the pocket of Rosetta Davis a married woman." Of course he was discharged. Rosetta Davis had not a married woman in her pocket, and therefore he could not attempt to steal that article.—*Fun*.

IMPROVING THE OCCASION.—There is a physician in London who paid attentions to a young lady for nearly a year, and then, when she refused him, he sent her a bill for the visits, one hundred and fifty-four visits, at five shillings a visit. He says business is business, and he is not going to waste opportunities like that while the city is as healthy as it is now.

INCONVENIENCES OF LODGINGS BY THE SEASIDE.—"Please, miss, have you any objection to 'avin' the windows open instead of the door, on account of the Party-whatsleapsintheback-parlour's dressin'-room bein' at the top o' the 'ouse, he thinks your door being closed while he's a goin' 'upstairs to his bath might be more agreeable to both you and to 'm, miss!"—*Punch*.

"A WOMAN O' BUSINESS."

Husband (who has been on the Continent, and left his wife some blank cheques): "My dear Louisa, I find you have considerably overdrawn at the bank!"

Wife: "Oh, nonsense, Willy, how can that be? Why, I've two of those blank cheques left yet!"—*Punch*.

TEACHERS AT THE TOWER.—It is well that the Beefeaters are so called for a different reason from that which orthography seems to indicate. The function of the Beefeater does not consist in feeding on beef. If it did, in these days of high-priced butcher's meat, when eating beef is eating money, the Beefeaters would be very expensive Historians to the Crown.—*Punch*.

THE MARCH OF SCIENCE.—The amount of electricity in the human frame must be much greater than philosophers have hitherto supposed, for we notice that billiard-tables are now supplied "provided with electric markers." Perhaps this is only the first result of some new scientific discovery, which will speedily supply us in succession with electric waiters, electric postmen, and electric policemen.—*Punch*.

RABELAISIAN.—A correspondent writes to inquire the meaning of the expression "Pantagruelian Philosophy." The next time he has a very bad cold, and is put upon a diet consisting mainly of "a thin food, made by boiling groats or oatmeal in water," and bears his misfortune with patience and fortitude, he will understand the phrase in all its force, and be entitled to consider himself a "Pantagruelist."—*Punch*.

A CORKER.—A Yankee in Paris, who was listening to the boasts of a lot of English and French artists about the wonderful genius of their respective countrymen, at last "broke out," and said, "Oh, pahaw! yeou git out! why, there's Bill De-

vine of our village who kin paint a piece of cork so exactly like marble that the minute you throw it into the water it will sink to the bottom karchug, jes' like a stone."

ON AN AVERAGE.

"James Jenkins," said a national schoolmaster to his pupil, "what is an average?"

"A thing, sir," answered the scholar, promptly, "that hens lay eggs upon."

"Why do you say that, you silly boy?" asked the pedagogue.

"Because, sir," said the youth, "I heard a gentleman say the other day as a hen would lay, on an average, a hundred and twenty eggs a year."

HUSBANDS, BEWARE.

We learn from *Heywood's Guide to Ramsgate* that—

Ramsgate is the healthiest place in England for women, and the healthiest place, with but one exception, for men, that exception being Redhill.

We fear in future that husbands will refuse to take their wives to Ramsgate in the season, but will go to other localities Red-hilly.—*Fun*.

AN HONEST REPLY.—"Do you say your prayers?" said a good Aberdeen pastor recently to a drover he met on his rambles, and with whom he thought it right to have some serious converse in connection with the business of hoofed and horned beasts. "Yes, yes," was the quick and honest reply. "Sandy prays that he might neither cheat nor yet be cheated, but, if one or the t'other, rather to cheat than be cheated."

SPARKLING SUGGESTION.—The practice of adulterating tea with iron-filings might, one would think, be easily detected by dipping a magnet of sufficient power into the suspected article. There is a variety of tea which, so adulterated, might, having been confiscated—it has been suggested by an inmate of Earlwood—be utilized instead of being thrown away. His idea is that, as filings of iron are much used in pyrotechny, materials for making fireworks are composed by the mixture of iron-filings and gunpowder.—*Punch*.

A SLIGHT MISTAKE.—The other day, at a concert in the Champs Elysees, a gentleman having put his hat upon a chair to keep a place, returned to claim it after a short absence. The hat he found sure enough where it had been left, only there was a stout lady sitting upon it. "Madame," said he, "you are sitting on my hat." The lady blushed a little, turned round, and said, in the blindest manner, "Oh, I beg pardon. I'm sure I thought it was my husband's."

A BEAUTIFUL INVENTION.—An American has invented a little machine for removing the shells from chestnuts and peanuts. It is made to fit over the nose; the breath passing from the nostrils furnishes a motive power, the nuts are dropped into the hopper on top, and the meat or unshelled nut is dropped into the mouth of the eater below. It is noiseless in its working, and gentlemen or ladies who have been debarred from attending church, because they were not allowed to "crunch" nuts, can now experience a new pleasure.

A BRIEF BUT COMPREHENSIVE GRACE.—A gentleman on the West Coast had some friends to dinner lately. A blessing was asked, and the guests having a keen appetite, had to wait the repetition of rather a lengthy grace, given in a drawing fashion, which did not take well on the occasion. After the meal had been disposed of the guests were looking for another long prayer, when their entertainer, in a solemn, sombre sound, called out, "Let us return thanks." All hung their heads, when thanks were returned in the following brief—"Thank God."

A SUDDEN REFRESHER.—A wealthy stockbroker a few days ago gave a gala dinner party. When the guests had been well advanced in the good things, and all was proceeding as merry as a marriage bell, a sudden water-spout burst over the table, and in the twinkling of an eye the guests were deluged, and the room flooded. The large jet of water struck every one who had the imprudence to look skywards, where was seated the gardener, on the roof of the greenhouse, beside the tank, handling the hose in a most remarkable manner. He had become mad, and for a long time he defeated every effort to be captured.

AN EXTRAORDINARY ACTION.—A most extraordinary action for damages has been taken by a man living at Sarlat, in the neighbourhood of Bordeaux. Disgusted with life, he bought a rope, ascended to a garret, and hanged himself from a beam. Suspecting his intention, the landlord's wife followed him, and did not arrive a moment too soon. As a recompense the would-be suicide has taken an action against the woman for 2,000 francs, as compensation for preventing him from hanging himself. A high figure for a little loss of time, for the man at any moment is at liberty to begin again, and the landlord's wife, for one, will not interfere.

FUN.—Fun is infectious. It is the best thing of a good, honest laugh that it will run out and make

others happy as well as its jolly originator. It is said that the sun shines for all, and he's a good, liberal fellow for cutting a shine so fine as to go round. So with Fun. He is no monopolist, but wells out like the ripple on the lake to its uttermost shores. The man who resists the influence of fun has a bad vein in his nature, and is to be avoided, the same as maniacs and women who have a passion for snits at breach of promise. Fun—as well do without children in the world, or money, or any other number one niceties.

A NICE WAY TO GO RIDING.—A contemporary tells an anecdote of an excitable lover who hired an equally excitable horse for a genial drive with his lady. After helping her in on the wrong side of the carriage he prepared to climb in himself, when the animal gently started off. It stopped in a moment to enable him to catch up, and then pleasantly moved along. He caught up again, and the horse moved on. The young lady appeared to be deeply interested in the movement, although it was evident she was trying to conceal her true feelings. There was one good thing about the horse—it never moved on before he caught up. They passed through the country adjoining, some of the scenery being perfectly splendid. They finally arrived at the livery stable, the horse and carriage and lady being a trifle in advance, but the young man caught up.

IN THE FISHERMAN'S COTTAGE.

We sat in the fisherman's cottage,
The fisher's daughter and I,
And heard the rout of the waves without,
And the moaning winds go by.
The old wife rocked at her knitting,
The fisherman mended his nets,
The drift-wood fire blazed higher and higher,
And the smoke sprang up in jets.
They crooned and talked together,
As old folks talk and croon,
Of wrecks and storms and familiar forms
That had long been dead and gone.
They talked of Willie, their eldest,
Who was lost in the frozen seas,
When sweetheart Nell, whom I loved so
well,
Was but a child on the knees.
They talked of Jamie, the younger,
The blue-eyed darling of all,
Who had found a tomb, with the sealer's
doom,
In the fierce November squall.
But ever a glance most kindly
On Nelly and me they threw;
While the fisher's maid in the deeper shade
I steadily nearer drew.
For we were to wed on the morrow:
They knew it as well as we;
And soft grew the roar of the storm on the
shore,
And the wild heart-beats of the sea.
And we thought not of wreck and disaster,
Of night and the moaning blast,
Of swirling storms and sinking forms,
And the doleful tales of the past.
For a cottage becomes a palace,
And the colours of life are gay,
When a drift-wood fire gleams higher and
higher
On the eve of a wedding-day.

N. D. U.

GEMS.

THE word "home"—lovely to all—is perhaps never felt in the fulness of its peaceful beauty except by the homeless.

ECCENTRICITY of dress or manner will double attention; the mistake of vain women is to believe that it doubles attraction.

By annihilating the desire you annihilate the mind. Every man without passions has within him no principle of action, nor motive to act.

FLATTERY is a great defect in friendship, and shows the want of sincerity of the person that uses it, and his ill opinion of the person whom he flatters.

THERE is no fault so small that it will disappear of itself. You must make a business of pulling it up by the roots and throwing it away.

He that has no resources of mind is more to be pitied than he who is in want of necessities for the body.

KNOWLEDGE may slumber in the memory, but it never dies; it is like the dormouse in the ivied tower, that sleeps while winter lasts, but awakes with the warm breath of spring.

THE QUEEN'S VISIT TO GLENCOE.—The Queen visited Glencoe recently. Her Majesty sketched Rob

Roy's famous repository for stolen cattle. Coming down the glen, she was presented with a dram of "long John" out of a quag from which Prince Charlie drank in 1746 and Prince Albert in 1847. Her Majesty graciously touched it with her lips.

HOUSEHOLD TREASURES.

A CURE FOR CORNS.—Castor-oil should be applied to the corns after paring closely each night before going to bed. It softens the corns, which become as the other flesh. It will cure in time.

WORTH KNOWING.—A scientific writer says:—If half a pint of water be placed in a perfectly clear glass bottle, a few grains of the best white sugar added, and the bottle freely exposed to the daylight in the window of a warm room, the liquid should not become turbid, even after exposure for a week or ten days. If the water become turbid it is open to grave suspicion of sewage contamination; but if it remain clear it is almost certainly safe.

HASTENING THE RIPENING OF FRUIT.—Acting upon the principle that renewal of the earth immediately surrounding the roots increases their activity, and accelerates the maturing of all parts of the plant, including the fruit, a gentleman removed the earth about an early pear tree, eight weeks before the normal period of ripening, for a space of 13 to 15 feet in diameter, and to such an extent as to leave a depth of earth over the roots of only about 2-2 1/2 inches, which could be thoroughly warmed by the sun. He was surprised not only by the ripening of the fruit in the middle of July but also by its superior juiciness and flavour. In another experiment the removal of the earth from the north side of a tree, alone, caused the fruit on that side to ripen several days earlier than that on the south side. Frequent watering was of course necessary in the above experiments.

STATISTICS.

FRENCH COMMERCE.—The commercial statistics of France for the first half of the present year have been published. The total imports during that period amounted to 1,561,000,000*fr.*, against 1,678,000,000*fr.* in the same period in 1872. Of this sum the precious metals amount to 221,000,000*fr.*, against 211,000,000*fr.* in the first six months of last year. The total exports of France amounted to 1,952,000,000*fr.*, against 1,727,000,000*fr.* in the corresponding period in the preceding year. The Customs revenue amounted to 113,000,000*fr.*, against 78,000,000*fr.*. The revenue derived from indirect taxation amounted to 404,000,000*fr.*, against 325,000,000*fr.*. The total revenue received by the French Government was 504,000,000*fr.*, against 404,000,000*fr.* in 1872. Consequently, the revenue of the first six months of 1873 shows an increase upon the corresponding period of last year of 112,000,000*fr.*

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE Sultan has placed the Palace of Beglerbeg at the disposal of the Duke of Edinburgh during his stay at Constantinople.

THE Emperor of China wants a head gardener from France, and offers a salary of 2,400*fr.* per annum, with apartments in the house of the French Ambassador at Peking.

At a recent inquest in London a remark was made by a jurymen that it would be better if people ate more potatoes and less meat; on which Dr. Lankester, the coroner, said he quite concurred in the remark, for generally people ate too much meat.

THE SWIMMING CHAMPIONSHIP.—The swimming championship of England, with a prize of 30*l.*, was won on Saturday, the 13th of September, by J. B. Johnson, of Leeds. The course was from Putney to Hammersmith, a mile and three-quarters, which the winner accomplished in 26 minutes 26 seconds.

CAT RACES.—The Luxemburgers, for whose city France and Prussia wanted to fight, have a very popular amusement in their cat races. Everybody who has an animal of the feline race takes it in a bag two miles from the city gates, where, at a given signal, the bags are all emptied, and the cats start for home, frightened nearly to death. The cat that reaches the city first wins the race.

THE ITALIAN HARVEST.—The officials report that the Italian harvest this year gives the following results:—In 659 communes the wheat crop is excellent, good in 2,470, mediocre in 2,077, bad in 1,014. The linseed crop is excellent in 299 communes, good in 1,177, mediocre in 1,051, and bad in 352. The hemp crop is excellent in 284 communes, good in 1,078, mediocre in 1,163, and bad in 370. The general average of the three crops is good as compared with those of 1872.

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NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

GEORGE W.—1. Of course retain a copy. 2. Either we should say is good. 3. The interest would be the same in the present bank and in its country branches.

J. G. S.—Manifestly the subject is of too extremely delicate a nature to receive a satisfactory reply in our or in any other columns. Consult any respectable medical practitioner; but carefully avoid all quacks.

TRUE BLUE—Certainly the LONDON READER can be sent abroad—subject to the usual post-office regulations, and entirely as with any other paper, journal, or printed production if it be duly registered.

W. P. C.—During the dependence of the trial it is manifest that we (1) cannot and (2) ought not to answer your question. In truth if we did so we should anticipate the verdict. But we do desire to see fair play administered alike on either side.

I. C.—If the ivory is discoloured simply with dust and dirt, try soap and water, with the addition of a pinch of carbonate of ammonia or a few drops of liq. ammonia. If the ivory is "stained," put it after cleansing under a glass shade and expose to the sun.

I. G.—The last criminal tried in the House of Lords when witnesses were examined was the late Earl of Cardigan (the hero of the Balaklava charge) for wounding Captain Tucker in a duel. The trial which ended in the acquittal of the earl, took place 16th Feb., 1841.

IGNORANTIA.—Use all your presence of mind, go as much as possible into society, and the habit will disappear in time. Perhaps physical weakness may have something to do with it. Take tonics (such as quinine) occasionally, and bathe or sponge from head to foot daily. Do not smoke at all. You will be all right by-and-by.

MAY M.—We do not desire to alarm you. You will find some good hints in Buchanan's Domestic Medicine. But consult a doctor forthwith. The throat is a dangerous affair to be trifled with. A skilful pharmacopoeist will soon set you all right. Much, however, depends upon the cause of the ailment.

DAISY.—There are many law stationers in London, and it is to them that you should apply. But the remuneration is only slight and the field is (we are afraid) fearfully preoccupied. As you write a neat, nice hand, and as you write moreover in an agreeable and ladylike manner, there is we think some better province for your industry.

R. B.—You wholly misunderstood our meaning. Your verses are copious as to language, and they do not lack fluency or force. But they are greatly deficient in Studied Embellishment, in what (may Apollo forgive us) we may call the tricks of the trade. With some assiduous study of our best authors you would in time produce something worthy of insertion. That is all.

S. F. B.—Women retain their charms to very varying periods; some being passers at thirty and others (like the Marchioness of Conyngham) retaining their beauty till close on fifty. Especially however this applies to the patrician order, and the reason is obvious. Cleopatra died at the age of thirty-nine—lustrous even to the last.

SPIRIT OF THE STORM.—Love levels all distinctions. There is no one time fixed for marrying. When therefore should we marry? At all times we presume; that is to say when the fervid god is favourable. Your own feminine heart will best supply an answer—far better than we can do. There are good men both fair and dark, and complexion cannot determine character.

CITIZEN.—You might attain a good knowledge of French in so far as reading the language is concerned in this country, and especially in London. Join one of the numerous and excellent French classes. For speaking however it would be highly desirable to make a short trip to Paris. Read also constantly the French newspapers, which you can easily procure—usually at a penny each—in London.

NOT VANITY.—Cosmetics will not touch the root of the disorder. Go to a medical man, or, failing that, bathe or sponge frequently, take walks, and practise strict rules of diet. Drink water only, and let the eating be in so far as possible vegetable. We may say, however, that violet powder or opaline or that bismuth which professional affect might for a little time serve your purpose.

ZETA.—To make orange puffs. Pare off the rinds from Seville oranges, then rub them with salt, let them lie twenty-four hours in water, boil them in four changes of water, make the first salt, drain and beat them to a pulp, bruise in the pieces of all that are pared, make it very sweet with loaf sugar, and boil it till it becomes thick; let it stand till cold, and then put it in the paste.

E. L. S.—We rather think you have not persevered long

enough. Here however is a lotion which we hope may be found serviceable: Bichloride of mercury 5 grains; hydrochloric acid 30 drops; lump sugar 1 oz.; rectified spirit of wine 2 oz.; rose water 7 oz. Agitate together until the whole is dissolved. Apply night and morning (with the finger) or oftener.

X. Y. Z.—The Right Hon. Angela Georgina Baroness Burdett-Coutts is the youngest daughter of the late Sir Francis Burdett, Bart., and grand-daughter of Mr. Thomas Coutts. In 1837 she succeeded to the great wealth of Mr. Coutts, through his widow, once the fascinating Miss Melton, but who died Duchess of St. Albans. Her goodness of heart and her expansive charity are universal. In June, 1871, Miss Coutts was elevated to the peerage.

SUBSCRIBER.—The causes of blushing are for the most part of a mental sort. Mental activity and energy must suppress that unpleasant habit. Mix as much as possible in society; cultivate also what for lack of a better phrase we will call Self Reliance. Long walks, cheerful society, and frequent bathing (either sea-bathing or the shower-bath) would do much. Do not fret about the matter; it will all come right in time.

J. G. S.—If the heart had once ceased to beat not even the divine Catherine could cause it to renew its pulsations. Poetry must be slightly consistent with possibilities. "That Happy Day" is pretty in sentiment but altogether deficient in versifying power. Both your pieces, how excellent soever in actual intention, were not altogether suited to the columns of our periodical. That is the reason why we must decline them, while at the same time thanking you for the transmission.

G. S.—The most terrible shipwrecks of modern times were that of the "Atlantic" White Star steamer, by which 500 persons perished. Nearly 500 went down with the "Captain," a man-of-war. Those who perished in the "London" numbered but 230. "The Royal Charter" sent down 446 to their final account. With the "Birkenhead" troop-ship there sank 454. In order to parallel these massive calamities we should have to go back to the time of Admiral Reynolds's squadron which was lost on the coast of Scotland in 1811, or to the memorable wreck of the "Royal George."

MY BROWN-EYED LASSIE

I have a winsome darling,
Who prattles all day long,
And cheers my home with music
Sweeter by far than song;
A bright-eyed, brown-eyed lassie,
With teeth of purest pearl,
In whose soft hair the sunshine plays
In many a golden curl.

I know my lassie loves me,
Her sweet eyes tell me so,
And when I look within her bosom
Her heart beats true, I know;
And often rose-bud kisses
Greet me with tender grace;
And love lights up with glowing
smiles
Her honest, radiant face.

Yet something tells me, sadly,
"Not always will it be
That she will greet thy coming,
As now, so light and free!
For there will come a stranger,
Who'll make her heart his own,
And far away thy rose may bloom,
Whilst thou art sad and lone."

And when this shadow cometh
Between her heart and mine,
Though mine may break with an-
guish.

Yet I must not repine!
It is the fate of mortals,
Repeated day by day,
And pays the debt—for once I stole
Some other heart away!

N. U.

AGNES, twenty-four, dark hair, gray eyes, and medium height. Respondent must be about her own age, and respectively connected; a mechanic preferred.

FATTIE, seventeen, short, brown hair and eyes, and of a loving disposition. Respondent must be tall, not over twenty, and fond of home.

GEVIE, seventeen, tall, and dark hair and eyes. Respondent must be twenty, tall, dark, affectionate, and fond of home and children; tradesman preferred.

LIZZIE F., twenty-two, fair, brown hair and eyes, and domesticated. Respondent must be loving, and in a good position.

E. S. T., twenty-one, fair, medium height, affectionate, and domesticated. Respondent must be tall, dark, and good looking.

T. P., twenty, light curly hair, good tempered, and has a moderate income. Respondent must be about eighteen, good looking, and of a loving disposition.

FLORA E., nineteen, considered pretty, accomplished, and musical. Respondent must be tall and good looking, and must not be over twenty-one.

TILLY, seventeen, tall, fair, accomplished, and fond of music. Respondent must be affectionate, and fond of children.

PHILIP V., twenty-three, tall, dark, and considered handsome. Respondent must be affectionate, domesticated, and well educated.

ESTHER, twenty, tall, fair, of a loving disposition, and domesticated. Respondent must be steady and fond of home and children.

NED E., twenty-four, 5ft. 5in., dark hair and eyes, and considered handsome. Respondent must be pretty and thoroughly domesticated.

HARRY JOE, a seaman in the Royal Navy, twenty-one, medium height and would make a kind and loving husband. Respondent must be pretty, well educated, musical and domesticated.

MARIA, twenty-two, tall, dark, and a domestic servant, would like to correspond with a young man about twenty-five, who must be tall and dark; a mechanic preferred.

EDGAR T., twenty-four, 5ft. 6in., dark, considered good

looking, and educated, would like to correspond with a young lady, about nineteen, who must be well educated, fond of music, good looking, and thoroughly domesticated.

NELLIE, twenty-four, fair, blue eyes, and of medium height. Respondent must be about her own age, and fond of home; a mechanic preferred.

OSALOTTA, twenty, medium height, dark-blue eyes, golden hair, good figure, fond of music, and considered charming. Respondent must be good looking, a gentleman, and must have an income.

GILBERT, twenty-six, medium height; good looking, fond of home, and holds a good position, desires to correspond with a loving and domesticated young lady about twenty-two.

GEORGE, thirty-one, medium height, considered handsome, well educated, and fond of home. Respondent must be a blonde, well educated, and must have an income of her own.

CATHERINE, twenty, medium height, hazel eyes, brown hair, good figure, well educated and of musical tastes. Respondent must be tall, dark, well educated, and fond of home.

H. P., twenty-three, 5ft. 4in., dark, good tempered, fond of home and children, and has a moderate income. Respondent must be about twenty, auburn hair, pretty, domesticated, and good tempered.

THOMAS G., nineteen, blue eyes, light auburn hair, considered good looking, fond of home and music, and a tradesman's son. Respondent must be about his own age, loving, good tempered, domesticated, and fond of music.

ELIZA, eighteen, tall, and dark hair and eyes, desires to correspond with a gentleman, tall, fair, about twenty-five, and fond of home and children; a tradesman preferred.

FRANCES ANNIE, thirty-one, fair complexion, stout, affectionate, and domesticated, would like to correspond with a young man about her own age, who must be of good disposition, loving, and fond of home.

ALEXANDER, twenty, blue eyes, considered good looking, fond of music, and a tradesman's son. Respondent must be about his own age, loving, good looking, and domesticated; money no object.

LIZZIE H., eighteen, considered pretty, brown hair, and dark-gray eyes, desires to correspond with a gentleman about twenty or twenty-two, good looks not so much an object as gentlemanly appearance and address.

CLAUDE, twenty-three, 5ft. 8in., considered handsome, affectionate, and fond of home, would like to correspond with a young lady about twenty, of an amiable disposition, and domesticated.

MIRNIE, eighteen, medium height, fair complexion, affectionate, and thoroughly domesticated. Respondent must be about twenty, tall, handsome, and fond of home and children.

DORA, nineteen, fair, considered good looking, and thoroughly domesticated, would like to meet with a respectable young man about twenty-one, tall, dark, loving, and fond of home; a tradesman preferred.

JOLLY JACK, twenty-two, 5ft. 7in., a seaman in the Royal Navy, dark hair, and blue eyes, desires to correspond with a young lady who must be about nineteen, pretty, of a loving disposition, musical, and thoroughly domesticated.

COMMUNICATIONS RECEIVED:

W. H. is responded to by—"Emma," twenty-two, tall, dark, domesticated, and would make a good wife.

HARRY B. by—"Jennie," twenty-three, medium height, pretty, loving and domesticated.

NELLIE by—"M. C.," twenty-one, dark, and in a good position.

FLYING ROYAL JACK by—"Violet," a housemaid, of an affectionate disposition, and would make a good wife.

POLLY by—"E. Arthur," tall, considered good looking, and fond of home.

JACK TOMPAST by—"E. B.," who is affectionate and thinks she is all he requires.

WILLIE by—"Nina," tall, dark, loving, and domesticated, and thinks she will suit him.

SIR RALPH by—"Hetty," eighteen, 5ft. 6in., dark hair, of a loving disposition, and thinks she is all that he requires.

J. M. C. by—"Eva," seventeen, 5ft. 5in., fair, of a loving disposition considered, good looking, thoroughly domesticated, and fond of music.

CURLY-HEADED FLOUGHBOY by—"Helena S.," nineteen, tall, fair, a domestic servant, and desires to emigrate.

LIZZIE by—"Rollicking Jack," twenty-two, 5ft. 8in., dark hair, blue eyes, and thinks he is all that she requires.

EMMA by—"G. J. W. H. J.," twenty, 5ft. 9in., rather good looking, fair complexion, fond of music and dancing, and will make a good husband.

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